# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE.

# HOWARD, AINSLEE & CO., PUBLISHERS.

S1 Fulton Street, New York.

P. O. Box 1075.

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The CENTS per Copy. Vol. I. No. 3. By Yearly Subscription, 50 cents.

ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER AT NEW YORK P. O., N. Y.

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"THE HARVEST."
(Painted by Benjamin Eggleston.)



A Tea Planter's Bungalow.

# THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

HARRIET WILMERDING.

"So Mrs. Shandon went to the cupboard and in lieu of a dinner, made herself some tea. And in those varieties of pain of which we spoke anon, what a part of confidante has that poor teapot played ever since the kindly plant was introduced among us! What myriads of women have cried over it, to be sure! What sick-beds it has smoked by! What fevered lips have received refreshment from out of it! Nature meant very gently by woman when she made that tea plant. With a little thought what a series of pictures and groups the fancy may conjure up and assemble round the teapot and cup. Melissa and Saccharissa are talking love secrets over it. Poor Polly has it and her lover's letters upon the table; his letters who was her lover yesterday, and when it was with pleasure, not despair, she wept over them. Mary comes tripping noiselesty into her mother's bedroom, bearing a cup of the consoler to the widow who will take no other food. Ruth is busy concocting it for her husband, who is coming home from the harvest field—one could fill a page with hints for such pictures; finally, Mrs. Shandon and little Mary sit down and drink their tea together, while the Captain goes out and takes his pleasure. She cares for nothing else but that, when her husband is away."—Pendennis.



HAT myriads of women have cried over it, to be sure!" says Thackeray. Ay, and what myriads have laughed over it and made merry, gossiped and chatted. Is not

gossiped and chatted. Is not "tea" used by society to designate one of



Transplanting Tea.

the most important of all social functions? What is a State ball. indeed, compared with Mrs. Soand-So's 'Tea?' where the choicest of the curious and gossiploving daughters of Eve assemble to exchange confidences. How

many fond mammas have planned the destinies of darling daughters while sipping the fragrant brew! One may, indeed, with but little thought conjure up many a picture in the vapor rising from the tea cup. It is the widow's consoler, the matron's delight, the old maid's companion, and to all alike, a sweet restorer. The woman who has finished her busy round of shopping or tiresome calls, or the man returning home, worn and weary after a hard day's worry at the office, sitting down to a cup of well-brewed tea, are best able to speak of the tonic effects of cheerfulness inspired by this delicious Oriental beverage which the poet Cowper has so well described as

"The cup that cheers but not inebriates."

When we sit down to a cup of tea we seldom give a thought to whence it came, how it was grown, or the thousands of miles



Making Tea Boxes.

over land and sea it must have been carriederewecanenjoy it.

Tea drinking is essentially a custom of the Orient. The Chinese are and always have been the great tea drinking people. It is not known when the habit originated with them, but it antedates Christianity. It was early in the seventeenth century that the Dutch

introduced it into Europe. It was so rare then that it was considered worthy to be offered as a gift to royalty, and it is recorded that in 1664 the East India Company made the Queen of England the present of two pounds of tea! It must be remembered that in those days it was worth what is now the equivalent of about one hundred dollars.

There is really only one tea plant, the Camellia thea. The different qualities of tea are due largely to climatic and cultural variations. The plant grown at a high elevation yields a finer flavored leaf than that grown at a low elevation. The composition of the soil and whether grown in a temperate or tropical zone also have their influence. The plant is indigenous to Asia, and thrives there anywhere from the snowy regions of the north to the heart of the tropics.

In its wild state the plant will reach a height of twenty feet, but for convenience of

plucking it is kept pruned to about five feet high, when under cultivation. This also causes the plant to become more bushy and thus give a larger yield. The illustrations accompanying this article will show you this very clearly.

It may be thought that as tea is the leaf of the plant, that the gathering consists simply of stripping all the leaves. This is not so. It is only the three leaves and the bud at the tip of each shoot or branch that is plucked. These yield several qualities of tea. The finest is the bud, and the others are the second, third and fourth leaves, the latter being the lowest grade.

The gathering, or ''plucking,'' as it is called technically, is done by the natives as seen in the pictures. They are Hindoo and Ceylonese, mostly the former. A basket is shown over the shoulder by means of a strap, thus leaving the two hands free. When

gathered, the leaves have first to be "withered," as they have it in tea parlance. This is done by spreading the leaves out on shelves in a building heated to a certain temperature. purpose of this is to dessicate the leaves till they are in a pliable condition to permit of the rolling. When they are sufficiently pliable they are



Sorting Tea.



Hoeing Tea.

passed on to the rolling machine, where they are rolled into the fine pellets with which we are quite familiar. Then they are ready to be "fired." This is done by means of a current of hot air passing over them until thoroughly dry, after which they are passed to the sorting machines, which consist of a number of sieves with different-sized meshes which will permit the tea of a certain size to pass through and fall into a receptacle beneath, while the larger size is carried on to the next sieve, and so on. It is then ready to be packed in boxes for shipment. An excellent picture is shown of a caravan of elephants and oxen-drawn vehicles conveying a consignment of tea to the nearest river station, where it is loaded in the native boats and taken down stream to the ports where the ships are lying that are to convey it to all the markets of the world.

The method here described is that which obtains among the large tea gardens that have been established by English and American capitalists. These gardens are im-

mense affairs, cover in g thousands of acres, dotted hereand there with the bungalows of the managers, who are white men, and with the picturesque vil-



Weighing Tea.



Removing Timber For Tea Boxes

lages of the dusky natives who are employed as laborers in the fields.

The process of preparing tea in China and Japan is a very different one.

They use no machinery in those countries. and all the preparation is done by hand. It would be well to not describe this too minutely, perhaps, lest I turn some of my readers from the drinking of tea forevermore. But it is a fact that John Chinaman rolls all his tea by hand. As this process requires a tremendous pressure, and as the tea leaf is moist and the hands perspiring, the less said the Time was when the chests were better. packed by foot power. A native stood barefooted in the chest and another slowly poured the tea leaf in, the while it was being tramped and packed hard and fast. This has long been abandoned, however.

In China, also, tea growing is not conducted on a large scale, but the immense population is engaged in it in a small way, cultivating small patches, which might be likened to our own truck farming.

Naturally enough, John is a connoisseur in the matter of tea drinking. He imbibes only the best and just the very essence of that. He does not drink it, either, until it is a year old, that the greater part of the



A Native's Home.



The Water-bearer.

essential oil of the leaf may have had time to evaporate. It is this oil which is injurious. But he is a wily character, and he knows that in the few minutes brewing he gives his tea that he has not extracted all there is in it. Therefore the leaves are carefully saved, chemically treated, and colored, rolled again, and prepared for export. Indeed, this is a very universal practice among them. In all the restaurants and tea shops there are large stone jars into which the leaves of all the tea that has been used are poured and preserved. They are collected at intervals and prepared for export, and these form an important article of commerce. The economical and shrewd John Chinaman thinks this excellent good stuff for the "Melican." This is known as "lie" tea. There are certain government restrictions upon the importation of this of late, but it comes in just the same, and in large quantities.

It is only among the poor of China that tea is brewed in a pot. Among the wealthy a quantity is put in the cup, the boiling water poured on, the saucer is put over it until it has drawn, and then a perforated silver disc is dropped in the cup to keep the leaves down.

Teas in one form or another have always been used. In the sixteenth century and previously, before the introduction of the Chinese article, a kind of sage tea was used very largely in England and other parts of Europe. This was a great favorite, and supposed to be an universal panacea. A combination of sage, rosemary, betony and raspberry leaves, and another combination of elder, ash, sloe, blackthorn and whitethorn leaves were also very much used in England. In France, black current and borage leaves were used to make tea. In Tasmania there are said to be two hundred substitutes for tea. In Mauritius the leaves of an orchid are used. The Tonquinese make tea of a combination of berries, leaves and bark. In Sumatra the leaves of the coffee are used to make tea, and it is said to make a very good beverage. In South America they drink almost exclusively a native tea called mate, made from a species of holly. This tea is said to give great powers of endurance. There are many other kinds of tea, one or more could possibly be found for not only every country, but for every tribe of people who inhabit different parts of a country.

Tea growing has been tried in this country, but only in an experimental way. It has been found that it will grow well in the Southern States, but will not stand the coll climate such as visits as far south as Washington. California presents a splendid country for tea culture, and doubtless a fine quality could be grown there, but that which militates against its cultivation here is the cost of labor. It is impossible to raise it here and compete with the cheap labor of the densely populated East. Therefore, it is likely that it will never become a home industry which we shall be called upon patriotically to support.



Shipping Tea.

## HOT HORSE TO HORSE.\*

BY

OPIE READ.



HROUGHOUT all the country that lies between the ancient Deer Lick and Mt. Moriah Church, Silvia Payton was so completely the belle that not even one among the envi-

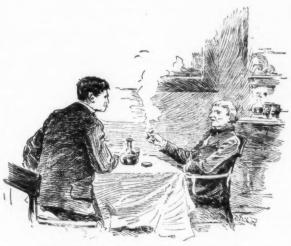
ous had brazenry enough to sneer at the fact. On the walls of her home there were no portraits of blue-grass horse-racers, and this made her beauty the more marvelous in the eyes of the high and mighty peers of the land. Her people had been almost unreasonably sober—had not belonged to that dogged

set that hedgeditself about with old liquor and the sharp prickle of aristocracy. Her father had been a preacher of the Puritan order, and years ago had sworn that aristoc racv in Kentucky was a nettlerash, not often fatal but keeping up a constant itching. The old fellow had been dead a number of years when at a county fair on

a bright day, the gentlest and proudest blood in the community crowned his daughter the queen of "Love and Beauty." And how the orator of the gladsome day did roll his words, repeating love and beauty till they flew through the air, a flight of doves, the sunlight glinting their backs. And when the orator was done another one arose looking with jealous eye upon the ringing conquest made by tuneful words. Eager for a share of applause and the commending glances of thrilling eyes, he poured forth another strain

of sweet-keyed melody. Silvia sat beneath a bower of dog-wood blossoms, a crown of purple larkspurs upon her graceful head. Maidens in white stood close to lisp their praise, and deep-voiced men sang out their loyalty to the blue-grass queen. Zeb Blake, the first orator, stood upon the right. With a glance of contempt he sniffed at Bunch Trotter, orator number two, standing on the left. It was afterward agreed that the sniff was well-timed and merited. Zeb had been appointed to the honorable office of orator, and

Bunch with envious zeal and rude imposition had usurped the place. Thus it was publicly made known that the two men were rivals. They were sprigs of the greatest trees in the family forest. Their forefathers had fought with Boone. and nearer relatives had drunk with Tom Marshall. They were game. Zeb had stab-



"I couldn't as an honest man do otherwise, suh,"

bed a stranger on election day, and Bunch had shot at one of his cousins, a most daring thing to do. Zeb rode as fine a horse as the county coulc boast. Bunch was finely mounted and his mare shot fire out of her eye, still there were men of exquisite taste who had declared their preference for the other horse. This gave Zeb a great advantage. A county judge—his name escapes me for the moment, but I recall the fact that it was he who killed Dan Rodgers near Half-Pone meeting house

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five years ago. Spiller, that's his name-Judge Jim Tom Spiller. Well, he said that there was but little or no comparison between the two horses, and in details not called for by the delicate occasion, he set up his tongue to praise Zeb's horse. Bunch called on him the following day. It was a ticklish thing to do, but he did it, though with becoming modesty. He ate dinner with the judge, and they talked in a round-about way of neighborhood happenings, the stabbing affray at Gardener's Mill, the Black Bottom Feud and other trifling matters, each feeling that he was but skirmishing. And it was but a skirmish, the random pop of small arms. But along toward one o'clock Bunch fired a heavy gun.

"I understand you say Zeb's hoss is so far ahead of mine in all the points that go to make up a horse among gentlemen, that it would be a strain to establish a comparison

between them."

Of course the jar of this heavy ordnance was not unexpected, still it came as a shock. "Well," said the judge, 'walloping' his tobacco about in his mouth, "the constitution of this Commonwealth grants to every man the right to express his opinion about a hoss. In tone if not in words-and I ought to know, for I've been a judge—it says, 'fellow citizens, there may be times when it may behove a man to shuffle in his opinions, but speak out when it comes to a hoss, for this is a serious matter.' So, following the dictates of the constitution, and having been called upon for my opinion, I might have expressed myself as sich, as the feller says-that is, that there wan't no sustained comparison between the two hosses. I didn't do it to hurt your feelings, you understand. No, suh, for between the two men I much prefer you. I think you saved my life once, and I would risk my own to serve you, but a man's opinion is a sacred thing, suh, and mine ain't for sale, gratitude or no gratitude. Why, suh, Zeb's hoss is the spirit of ancient warfare come back to If I could change facts I would, but I can't. Why, Silvia is my niece, and I am her nearest male relative. I know you would make her a good husband. I know you are honest and of a sweet disposition. But when I come to advise her I must use my head and not my heart, my best judgment, suh, and not my silly sentiment. She is young, suh. She hasn't had much experience of this rude and tumbling life, and her opinion, softened by the tender impulses of beauty, might go astray. Knowing this, it was my duty to decide in favor of Zeb's hoss. couldn't as an honest man do otherwise, suh.

Bunch was a gallant fellow and a liberal minded man. Passion dictated a fiery course, but he put a cool hand on passion, a Godlike act in this hot emergency. We must give him credit for it. His face flushed and his dark eyes danced to the tune of boiling devilment. But he quietly put down his whisky glass, with one hand still tangled in passion's mane, and walked off with his lips sealed. Some of his neighbors swore that he had not acquitted himself with credit to his "raising." To stand much was the mark of a gentleman, but to put up with too much was far from the province of a man. But the more liberal agreed, after some hesitation, that his patience and restraint had bespoken his courage.

The contest for the girl's hand went bravely on. Every Sunday and sometimes during the week the two men met at her house, urging her to give sweet voice to her opinion of their horses. But beauty, if not always possessed of judgment, is nearly always diplomatic. In her choice she might perhaps have strained a point and looked further than the horses. Indeed, worldlyminded kinsmen had advised her to take this un-Kentucky view. They had hinted at the relative value of farms, of houses, of carriages. They had insinuated that there might be an influencing, if not a deciding difference in the personal characteristics of the two men. But her mother urged the orthodox course, to cling to the horses.

At Silvia's house there lived a hired man. Out of his banjo he picked the woeful tunes of a sad heart, when the sun was low. His name was Pete. It was discovered that he possessed rare judgment. He could always tell when the cat-fish would bite. When the dogs treed at night he could nearly always tell whether it was a 'possum or a coon. He could scent the coming of rain or foretell the coming of a drouth. He was shy, and was obscure, for he had never talked horse. He had not been born in Kentucky. His talents had been overlooked. They were suspected by the girl's mother. Once she asked his opinion of the two men, or rather of the two horses. He spoke with ready intelligence.

"The great poet said 'put not your faith in a horse's health,'" he replied. "As sick as a hoss,' has always been a saying."

The widow shook her head. She smelled wisdom in the flowers of his speech. She bade him continue.

"The hoss has always been uncertain," said he, "not only with the poet, but with the maker of simple songs. Listen to this." He took up his banjo and picked an accompaniment to this Kentucky classic:



"Oh, Pete," cried the girl, "you are so smart, I like to hear you talk."

"Little oldman came rid-ing by, Said I, 'old man yo' hoss will die.' 'Oh, ef he dies, I'll tan his skin, An' ef he lives I'll ride him ag'in.'"

The widow wiped her eyes and Silvia sighed. "So you see," said Pete, "all along the line the hoss is looked at with suspicion. When you need him most he's not there. My kingdom for a hoss,' the king cried, but the hoss didn't come. If he hadn't needed him he might have been there eating grass in front of the tent. So, if I were the handsomest woman in the world, I wouldn't agree to marry a hoss. It strikes me that I'd look out for a man. Marry a hoss and wake up with the night-mare. 'If this be not so, call me hoss,' said the great fat man."

"Oh, Pete," cried the girl, "you are so

smart. I like to hear you talk."

"Ah, fair one, the mocking bird has paused to listen to the lowly howl of the dog. Tired of its own sweetness, a harsh sound is a relief."

"Why, mother, just listen at Pete. Don't he talk fine? Gracious alive, yonder comes

Zeb.

"And Bunch, too," said the widow, gaz-

ing down the road.

They tied their horses to the fence and came in. "Madam," said Zeb, "we want to

come to an understanding."

"Yes," Bunch spoke up. "We got together to-day and agreed to submit the case without further struggle and argument that leads us nowhere. I am tired. I sleep none at night. I sigh till the sun comes up, and then I sigh till he goes down again. So I

urge you to lend us your gracious assistance. My hoss is as sound as a dollar. He is out there and most eloquently does he speak for himself."

"And mine," replied Zeb, "is sounder than the soundest. All comparisons fall flat and lie on the ground when he stands up. I, too, most heartily urge you for your aid in reaching this all-important decision. I, too, am worn out with waiting. But I don't sigh all night. I sit up to sing the praises of a beauteous one."

"Gentlemen," said the widow, "this is a question for my daughter to decide. I have sighed

over it and cried over it, too, and it seems that I can't see daylight through my worrying tears."

"But can she decide?" Zeb asked. "She is young and hasn't had much experience

with hosses."

"And I don't think that I want to have much experience with them," the girl spoke up. "I am tired of hosses. I dream of them and they gallop up to me and blow hot breath on me and scare me. I don't want any experience with them. I am tired."

"Oh, you are?" cried Bunch. "Then I draw the breath of fresh encouragement, for when you decide this question on the qualities of man, I cannot be overlooked. I have

no fear."

"My mind spoken for me," Zeb declared.
"I am a better man than Bunch."

"In what way, suh?" Bunch demanded.
"In every way. I can run faster, jump higher, make a better speech and drink more

whisky."

"Oh, was ever man's tongue so practiced in the tunes of self-flattery?" Bunch cried. "On the day of the coronation of this beautiful lady, I outspoke you, and that night I outdrank you. The other points are unimportant and bespeak a little mind. I call upon the lady to decide."

"Oh, I cannot," she declared with a blush. "There is in truth so little difference between you. You look alike and talk alike. I don't really know what to do."

Zeb spoke up. "Marry the one who would do most for you. I would lay down my life for you."

"You spoke that sadly," said Bunch. "If

I were called upon to lay down my life for her I would look up with gladness in my eyes and thank Heaven for the honor con-

ferred upon me."

"You say it with the air of a boast," Zeb replied. "I was taught never to boast and especially to avoid the semblance of it in the presence of ladies. To lay my life at your feet, daughter of the rainbow, would be to lie down upon a glory-pillowed bed."

Bunch flushed. "Still it would look like a resignation forced upon you," said he. "I would shout in exultation and leap from the mountain top to be dashed to death on the

jagged rocks below."

Zeb bowed to him. "And force upon those eyes an unseemly and a shocking sight. I would shield her from all rude disturbances. I would die with a smile on my face so that seeing me she would say, 'he is dreaming of me.'

"Ah, you foreswear bleeding. Daughter of June's blush, my blood is yours. Com-

mand it."

"Materialized bird-song, my soul and

my blood are yours. Command them."

'Oh,'' cried the widow, reaching for her corn-cob pipe, "it is awful to talk so much of blood. But it reminds me that I must go out and kill a chicken for dinner. Believe, however, I'll smoke a little first. you are both so fine that I don't see how the poor child is ever to decide."

"I can't see, either, mother," the girl re-

"Then let us go out and take another look at the hosses," said Zeb. "They may give us a fresh start."

The girl objected. She was afraid of her judgment. She much preferred to listen to the professions of their desperate devotion.

But they have about reached the end of their row," said the hired man. "They both swear that they'd die for you, and along that line a man can't do much more than die. The question of what sort of death don't dance much of a jig. Now, I think I can help you out. I'll go and get a keg of powder. You two fellows sit down, one on each side of it, and I'll lay a train and touch her off."

The men swore to their willingness, but the girl and her mother cried out in objection. "That would be terrible," said the widow. "You'd both be killed, and then what would become of the two horses,'

After supper Zeb and Bunch rode away with no settlement in sight. "I've been thinking of something," said Zeb, as they rode along, their horses nibbling in playfulness at each other. "She can't marry but one of us, that's certain. Which one will

she marry? That's uncertain. Now here's my plan: Let's have our lives insured for ten thousand dollars each, paid up policies, made over to her. Then we'll go out quietly, step off and have it out to the end with pistols. And the survivor gets the girl and the twenty thousand dollars. What do you say?"

"Zeb," said Bunch, reaching over and grasping the hand of his gallant rival, "vou always were a gentleman and an inventive

cuss. We'll do it."

The policies were taken out and sent to the girl, then, early at morning, the two men met in a grove near the old distillery. They shook hands, embraced their horses, and paced the ground. Just then a slight noise attracted attention. Looking up they saw Pete, the hired man, peeping at them from behind a tree.

"Go on away," said Zeb. "This is no place for you. What are you doing here,

any way?"

"Oh, just knocking around a little. 'Lowed mebby there mout be a coon in this here tree."

"There's no coon here. Go on away." "Oh, I ain't in no particular hurry. Bright mornin, ain't it?'

"Look here," said Bunch.
"Yes, suh, I'm looking right there. My eye sight is getting better every day."

Well, see that your politeness gets better. You are not wanted here."

'Mebby not, still I don't feel like goin'



"You spoke that sadly," said Bunch.



"We was married last night."

away just now. Want to rest a little. What are you folks goin' to do?"

"Fight, you fool."

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> "Why, you ain't mad, are you? I wouldn't fight lessen I was mad. What are you goin' to fight about."

"Zeb, tell the fool and let him go. He

can't do any harm now."

"We are going to prove our words," said Zeb. "One of us or both will shed blood today for the most beautiful woman in the world.'

"That so? What's her name?" "Silvia Payton, numb-skull."

"You don't know my name, do you?"

"No, and we don't care to."

"Jest as well. My name's Hicks."

"What of it?"

"Nothing, only her name's Hicks too. We was married last night, and I want to tell you we are powerful thankful for them 'surance papers. Well, good day." And off he went, singing:

"Little old man came ridin' by, Said I 'old man yo' hoss will die.' 'Oh, ef he dies, I'll tan his skin, And ef he lives I'll ride him ag'in."

#### NATURE'S COQUETTE.

Oh, laughing sea! For ave Your billows play, Care free,

O'er sunken wrecks where eyeless skulls Gaze upward at the circling gulls; And each chill wave Their sockets lave

And kiss in wanton glee.

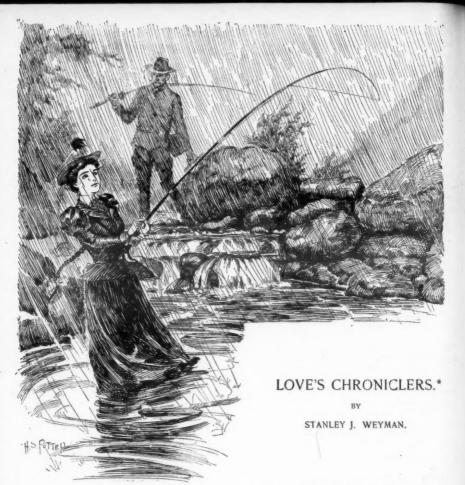
Down in your deep The slime Of weeds, that climb And creep,

Wraps sodden bones with murkish green; Slow crawling things glide through between With eager eyes

To strip each prize

Your mocking waters reap.

And where warm hearts once bravely beat Your blinking mollusks find retreat.



I. HER STORÝ.

**C** 

LARE," I said, "I wish that we had brought some better clothes, if it were only one frock. You look the oddest figure."

And she did. She was lying head to head with me on the thick moss that clothed one part of the river bank above Breistolen near the Sogn Fiord. We were staying at Breistolen, but there was no moss thereabouts, nor in all the Sogn district, I often thought, so deep and soft, and so dazzling orange and white and crimson as that particular patch. It lay quite high upon the hills, and there were great gray boulders peeping through the moss here and there,

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very fit to break your legs if you were careless. Little more than a mile higher up was the watershed, where our river, putting away with reluctance a first thought of going down the farther slope toward Bysberg, parted from its twin brother, who was thither bound with scores upon scores of puny, greenbacked fishlets; and, instead, came down our side gliding and swishing and swirling faster and faster, and deeper and wider every hundred yards to Breistolen, full of redspeckled yellow trout, all half a pound apiece, and very good to eat.

But they were not so sweet or toothsome to our girlish tastes as the tawny-orange cloud-berries which Clare and I were eating

s we lay

So busy was she with the luscious pile

we had gathered that I had to wait for an answer. And then, "Speak for yourself," she said. "I'm sure you look like a short-coated baby. He is somewhere up the river, to," Munch, munch, munch!

"Who is, you impertinent, greedy little

chit?"

"Oh, you know!" she answered. "Don't you wish you had your gray plush here,

Bab?'

I flung a look of calm disdain at her; but whether it was the berry juice which stained our faces that took from its effect, or the free mountain air which papa says saps the foundations of despotism, that made her callous, at any rate she only laughed scornfully and got up and went off down the stream with her rod, leaving me to finish the cloud-berries, and stare lazily up at the snow-patches on the hillside—which somehow put me in mind of the gray plush

-and follow or not, as I liked.

Clare has a wicked story of how I gave in to papa, and came to start without anything but those rough clothes. She says he saidand Tack Buchanan has told me that lawyers put no faith in anything that he says she says, or she says he says, which proves how much truth there is in this-that if Bab took none but her oldest clothes, and fished all day, and had no one to run upon her errands-he meant Jack and the others, I suppose—she might possibly grow an inch in Norway. Just as if I wanted to grow an inch? An inch indeed! I am five feet one and a half high, and papa, who puts me an inch shorter, is the worst measurer in the As for Miss Clare, she would give all her inches for my eyes. So there!

After Clare left it began to be dull and chilly. When I had pictured to myself how nice it would be to dress for dinner again, and chosen the frock I would wear upon the first evening, I grew tired of the snow-patches, and started up stream, stumbling and falling into holes, and clambering over rocks, and only careful to save my rod and my face. It was no occasion for the gray plush, but I had made up my mind to reach a pool which lay, I knew, a little above me; having filched a yellow-bodied fly from Clare's hat, with a view to that particular

place.

Our river did the oddest things hereabouts—pleased to be so young, I suppose. It was not a great, churning stream of snow-water, foaming and milky, such as we had seen in some parts—streams that affected to be always in flood, and had the look of forcing the rocks asunder and clearing their path, even while you watched them with your fingers in your ears. Our river was none of

these; still it was swifter than English rivers are wont to be, and in parts deeper, and transparent as glass. In one place it would sweep over a ledge and fall wreathed in spray into a spreading lake of black, rock-bound water. Then it would narrow again until, where you could almost jump across, it darted smooth and unbroken down a polished shoot with a swoop like a swallow's. Out of this it would hurry afresh to brawl along a gravelly bed, skipping jauntily over first one and then another ridge of stones that had silted up weir-wise and made as if they would bar the channel. Under the lee of these there were lovely pools.

To be able to throw into mine, I had to walk out along the ridge, on which the water was shallow, yet sufficiently deep to cover my boots. But I was well rewarded. The "forellin"—the Norse name for trout. and as pretty as their girls' wavy fair hairwere rising so merrily that I hooked and landed one in five minutes, the fly falling from its mouth as it touched the stones. hate taking out hooks. I used at one time to leave the fly in the fish's mouth to be removed by papa at the weighing house; until Clare pricked her tongue at dinner with an almost new, red hackle, and was so mean as to keep it, though I remembered then what I had done with it, and was certain it was mine-which was nothing less than dis-

honest of her.

I had just got back to my place and I made a fine cast, when there came—not the leap, and splash, and tug which announced the half-pounder-but a deep, rich gurgle as the fly was gently sucked under, and then a quiet, growing strain upon the line, which began to move away down the pool in a way that made the winch spin again and filled me with mysterious pleasure. I was not conscious of striking or of anything but that I had hooked a really good fish, and I clutched the rod with both hands and set my feet as tightly as I could upon the slippery gravel. The line moved up and down, and this way and that, now steadily and as with a purpose, and then again with an eccentric rush that made the top of the rod spring and bend so that I looked for it to snap each moment. My hands began to grow numb, and the landing-net, hitherto an ornament, fell out of my waist-belt and went I knew not whither. I suppose I must have stepped unwittingly into deeper water, for I felt that my skirts were afloat, and altogether things were going dreadfully against me, when the presence of an ally close at hand was announced by a cheery shout from the far side of the river.

"Keep up your point! Keep up your point!" some one cried, briskly. "That is better!"

The unexpected sound—it was a man's voice—did something to keep my heart up. But for answer I could only shriek, 'I can't! It will break!' watching the top of my rod as it jigged up and down, very much in the fashion of Clare performing what she calls a waltz. She dances as badly as a man.

"No, it will not," he cried back bluntly. "Keep it up, and let out a little line with your fingers when he pulls hardest."

We were forced to shout and scream. The wind had risen and was adding to the noise of the water. Soon I heard him wading behind me. "Where's your landing-net?" he asked, with the most provoking coolness.

"Oh, in the pool! Somewhere about. I am sure I don't know," I answered wildly.

What he said to this I could not catch, but it sounded rude. And then he waded off to fetch, as I guessed, his own net. By the time he reached me again I was in a sad plight, feet like ice, and hands benumbed, while the wind, and rain, and hail, which had come down upon us with a sudden violence, unknown, it is to be hoped, anywhere else, were mottling my face all sorts of unbecoming colors. But the line was taut. And wet and cold went for nothing five minutes later, when the fish lay upon the bank, its prismatic sides slowly turning pale and dull, and I knelt over it half in pity and half in triumph, but wholly forgetful of the wind and rain.

"You did that very pluckily, little one," said the on-looker; "but I am afraid you will suffer for it by and by. You must be chilled through."

Quickly as I looked up at him, I only met a good-humored smile. He did not mean to be rude. And after all, when I was in such a mess, it was not possible that he could see what I was like. He was wet enough himself. The rain was streaming from the brim of the soft hat which he had turned down to shelter his face, and trickling from his chin. and turning his shabby Norfolk jacket a darker shade. As for his hands, they looked red and knuckly enough, and he had been wading almost to his waist. But he looked, I don't know why, all the stronger and manlier and nicer for these things, because, perhaps, he cared for them not one whit. What I looked like myself I dared not think. My skirts were as short as short could be, and they were soaked; most of my hair was unplaited, my gloves were split, and my sodden boots were out of shape. I was forced, too, to shiver and shake from

cold, which was provoking, for I knew it made me seem half as small again.

"Thank you, I am a little cold, Mr.—Mr.—" I said gravely, only my teeth would chatter so that he laughed outright as he took me up with—

"Herapath. And to whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"I am Miss Guest," I said, miserably.

It was too cold to be frigid to advantage. "'Commonly called Bab, I think," the wretch answered. "The walls of our hut are not sound-proof, you see. But come, the sooner you get back to dry clothes and the stove, the better, Bab. You can cross the river just below and cut off half a mile that way."

"I can't," I said obstinately. Bab, indeed!

How dared he?

"Oh yes you can," with intolerable good temper. "You shall take your rod and I the prey. You cannot be wetter than you are now."

He had his way, of course, since I did not foresee that at the ford he would lift me up bodily and carry me over the deeper part without a pretense of asking leave or a word of apology. It was done so quickly that I had no time to remonstrate. Still I was not going to let it pass, and when I had shaken myself straight again I said with all the haughtiness I could assume:

"Don't you think, Mr. Herapath, that it

would have been more-more-"

"Polite to offer to carry you over, child? No, not at all. It will be wiser and warmer for you to run down the hill. Come along!"

And without more ado while I was still choking with rage, he seized my hands and set off at a trot lugging me through the sloppy places much as I have seen a nurse drag a fractious child down Constitution Hill. It was not wonderful that I soon lost the little breath his speech had left me and was powerless to complain when we reached the bridge. I could only thank Heaven that there was no sign of Clare. I think I should have died of mortification if she had seen us come down the hill hand-in-hand in that ridiculous fashion. But she had gone home and at any rate I escaped that degradation.

A wet stool-car and wetter pony were dimly visible on the bridge; to which as we came up a damp urchin creeping from some crevice added himself. I was pushed in as if I had no will of my own the gentleman sprang up beside me, the boy tucked himself away somewhere behind, and the little "teste" set off at a canter so deceived by the driver's excellent imitation of "Pss," the Norse for "Tchk," that in ten minutes we

where at home.

"Well I never!" Clare said surveying me from a respectful distance when at last I was safe in our room. "I would not be seen in such a state by a man for all the fish in the sea!"

And she looked so tall and trim and neat that it was the more provoking. At the moment I was too miserable to answer her and had to find comfort in promising myself that when we were back in Bolton Gardens I would see that Fraulein kept Miss Clare's pretty nose to the grindstone, though it were ever so much her last term or Jack were ever so fond of her. Papa was in the plot against me too. What right had he to thank Mr. Herapath for bringing "his little girl" home safe? He can be pompous enough at times. I never knew a stout queen's counsel-and papa is stout-who was not any more than a thin one who did not contradict. It is in their patents I think.

Mr. Herapath dined with us that evening -if fish and potatoes and boiled eggs and sour bread and pancakes and claret and coffee can be called a dinner-but nothing I could do, though I made the best of my wretched frock and was as stiff as Clare herself, could alter his first impression. It was too bad; he had no eyes! He either could not or would not see any one but the draggled Bab-fifteen at most and a very tom-boy-whom he had carried across the river. He styled Clare, who talked Baedeker to him in her primest and most precocious way, Miss Guest, and once at least during the evening dubbed me plain Bab. I tried to freeze him with a look then, and papa gave him a taste of the pompous manner, saying coldly that I was older than I seemed. But it was not a bit of use: I could see that he set it all down to the grand airs of a spoiled child. If I had put my hair up it might have opened his eyes but Clare teased me about it and I was too proud for

When I asked him if he was fond of dancing he said good-naturedly:

"I don't visit very much Miss Bab. I am

generally engaged in the evening."

Here was a chance. I was going to say that that no doubt was the reason why I had never met him when papa ruthlessly cut me short by asking:

"You are not in the law?"

"No," he replied, "I am in the London

Fire Brigade."

I think that we all upon the instant saw him in a helmet, sitting at the door of the fire station by St. Martin's Church. Clare turned crimson, and papa seemed on a sudden to call his patent to mind. The moment before I had been as angry as angry could be with our guest, but I was not going to look on and see him snubbed when he was dining with us and all. So I rushed into the gap as quickly as surprise would let me with, "Good gracious, how nice! Do tell me all about a fire!"

It made matters—my matters—worse, for I could have cried with vexation when I read in his face next moment that he had looked for their astonishment; while the ungrateful fellow set down my eager remark to mere childish ignorance.

"Some time I will," he said, with a quiet smile *de haut en bas;* "but I do not often attend one in person. I am Captain — 's private secretary, aide-de-camp, and general

factotum."

And it turned out that he was the son of a certain Canon Herapath, so that papa lost sight of his patent box altogether, and they set to discussing Mr. Gladstone, while I slipped off to bed, feeling as small as I ever did in my life, and out of temper with everybody. It was a long time since I had been used to young men talking politics to papa when they could talk—politics—to

Possibly I deserved the week of vexation which followed; but it was almost more than I could bear. He-Mr. Herapath, of course-was always about fishing or lounging outside the little white posting-house, taking walks and meals with us, and seeming heartily to enjoy papa's society. He came with us when we drove to the top of the pass to get a glimpse of the Sulethid peak; and it looked so brilliantly clear and softly beautiful as it seemed to 'float just tinged with color, in a far-off atmosphere of its own beyond the dark ranges of nearer hills, that I began to think at once of the drawingroom in Bolton Gardens, with a cozy fire burning and afternoon tea coming up. tears came into my eyes, and he saw them before I could turn away from the view; and said to papa that he feared his little girl was tired as well as cold, and so spoiled all my pleasure. I looked back afterward as papa and I drove down. He was walking by Clare's carcole, and they were laughing heartily.

And that was the way always. He was such an elder brother to me—a thing I never had and do not want—that a dozen times a day I set my teeth viciously together and said to myself that if ever we met in London—but what nonsense that was, because, of course, it mattered nothing to me what he was thinking, only he had no right to be so rudely familiar. That was all; but it was quite enough to make me dislike him.

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However, a sunny morning in the holidays is a cheerful thing, and when I strolled down stream with my rod on the day after our expedition, I felt I could enjoy myself very nearly as much as I had before his coming spoiled our party. I dawdled along, now trying a pool, now clambering up the hillsides to pick raspberries, and now counting the magpies that flew across, feeling altogether very placid and good and contented. I had chosen the lower river because Mr. Herapath usually fished the upper part, and I would not be ruffled this nice day. So I was the more vexed to come suddenly upon him fishing; and fishing where he had no right to be. Papa had spoken to him about the danger of it, and he had as good as said he would not do it again. Yet there he was, thinking, I dare say, that we should not know. It was a spot where one bank rose into quite a cliff, frowning over a deep pool at the foot of some falls. Close to the cliff the water still ran with the speed of a mill-race, so fast as to endanger a good swimmer. But on the far side of this current there was a bit of slack water, which was tempting enough to have set some one's wits to work to devise means to fish it, which from the top of the cliff was impossible. Just above the water was a ledge, a foot wide, perhaps, which might perhaps have done, only it did not reach to this end of the cliff. However, that foolhardy person had espied this, and got over the gap by bridging the latter with a bit of plank, and then had drowned himself or gone away, in either case leaving his board to tempt others to do likewise.

And there was Mr. Herapath fishing from the ledge. It made me giddy to look at him. The rock overhung the water so much that he could not stand upright; the first person who got there must surely have learned to curl himself up from much sleeping in Norwegian beds, which were short for me. I thought of this oddly enough as I watched him, and laughed, and was for going on. But when I had walked a few yards, meaning to pass round the rear of the cliff, I began to fancy all sorts of foolish things would happen. I felt sure that I should have no more peace or pleasure if I left him there. I hesitated. Yes, I would. I would go down and ask him to leave the place; and, of course, he would do it.

I lost no time, but ran down the slope smartly and carelessly. My way lay over loose shale mingled with large stones, and it was steep. It was wonderful how quickly an accident happens; how swiftly a thing that cannot be undone is done, and we are left wishing—oh, so vainly—that we could

put the world, and all things in it, back by a few seconds. I was checking myself near the bottom, when a big stone on which I stepped moved under me. The shale began to slip in a mass, and the stone to roll. It was all done in a moment. I stayed myself, that was easy enough, but the stone took two bounds, jumped sideways, struck the piece of board, which was only resting lightly at either end, and before I could take it all in the little bridge plunged end first into the current, which swept it out of sight in an instant.

He threw up his hands in affright, for he had turned, and we both saw it happen. He made indeed as if he would try to save it. but that was impossible; and then, while I cowered in dismay, he waved his arm to me in the direction of home-again and again. The roar of the falls drowned what he said, but I guessed his meaning. I could not help him myself, but I could fetch help. It was three miles to Breistolen-rough, rocky ones-and I doubted whether he could keep his cramped position with that noise deafening him, and the endless whirling stream before his eyes, while I was going and coming. But there was no better way I could think of; and even as I wavered he signaled to me again imperatively. For an instant everything seemed to go round with me, but it was not the time for that yet, and I tried to collect myself and harden my heart. the bank I went steadily, and once at the top set off at a run homeward.

I cannot tell at all how I did it; how I passed over the uneven ground, or whether I went quickly or slowly save by the reckoning papa made afterward. I can only remember one long hurrying scramble; now I panted uphill, now I ran down, now I was on my face in a hole, breathless and halfstunned, and now I was up to my knees in water. I slipped and dropped down places I should at other times have shrunk from, and hurt myself so that I bore the marks for months. But I thought nothing of these things: all my being was spent in hurrying on for his life, the clamor of every cataract I passed seeming to stop my heart's beating with very fear. So I reached Breistolen and panted over the bridge and up to the little white house lying so quiet in the afternoon sunshine, papa's stool-car even then at the door ready to take him to some favorite pool. Somehow I made him understand in broken words that Herapath was in danger, drowning already, for all I knew, and then I seized a great pole which was leaning against the porch, and climbed into the car. Papa was not slow, either; he snatched a coil of rope from the luggage, and away we went, a man and boy whom he had hastily called running behind us. We had lost very little time, but so much may happen in so little time.

We were forced to leave the car a quarter of a mile from that part of the river, and walk or run the rest of the way. We all ran, even papa, as I had never known him run before. My heart sank at the groan he let escape him when I pointed out the spot. We came to it one by one. The ledge was empty. Jem Herapath was gone. I suppose it At any rate I could only look startled me. at the water in a dazed way and cry quietly, without much feeling that it was my doing; while the men, shouting to one another in strange, hushed voices, searched about for "Jem! Jem Heraany sign of his fate. path!" So he had written his name only yesterday in the travelers' book at the posting-house, and I had sullenly watched him from the window, and then had sneaked to the book and read it. That was yesterday, and now! Oh, Jem, to hear you say "Bab" once more!

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Safe and sound! Yes, there he was when I turned, safe and strong and cool, rod in hand and a quiet smile in his eyes. Just as I had seen him yesterday, and thought never to see him again; and saying "Bab," exactly as of old, so that something in my throat—it may have been anger at his rudeness, but I do not think it was—prevented me saying a word until all the others came around us, and a babel of Norse and English, and something that was neither, yet both, set in.

"But how is this;" objected my father, when he could be heard, "you are quite

dry, my boy?"

"Dry! Why not, sir? For goodness' sake, what is the matter?"

"The matter? Didn't you fall in, or something of the kind?" papa asked, bewildered

by this new aspect of the case.

"It does not look like it, does it? Your daughter gave me a very uncomfortable start

by nearly doing so."

Everybody looked at him for an explanation. "How did you manage to get from the ledge?" I said feebly. Where was the mistake? I had not dreamed it.

"From the ledge? Why, by the other end, to be sure, so that I had to walk back round the hill. Still, I did not mind, for I was thankful that it was the plank and not you that fell in."

"I—I thought—you could not get from the ledge," I muttered. The possibility of getting off at the other end had never occurred to me, and so I had made such a simpjeton of myself. It was too absurd, too ridiculous! It was no wonder that they all screamed with laughter at the fool's errand they had come upon, and stamped about and clung to one another. But when he laughed too-and he did until the tears came into his eyes—there was not an ache or pain in my body-and I had cut my wrist to the bone against a splinter of rock-that hurt me one-half as much. Surely he might have seen another side to it. But he did not; and so I managed to hide my bandaged wrist from him, and papa drove me home. There I broke down entirely, and Clare put me to bed and petted me, and was very good When I came down next day, with to me. an ache in every part of me, he was gone.

"He asked me to tell you," said Clare, not looking up from the fly she was tying at the window, "that he thought you were

the bravest girl he had ever met."

So he understood now, when others had explained it to him. "No, Clare," I said, coldly; "he did not say that exactly. He said, 'the bravest little girl.'" For, indeed, lying upstairs with the window open, I had heard him set off on his long drive to Laerdalsoren. As for papa, he was half-proud and half-ashamed of my foolishness, and wholly at a loss to think how I could have made the mistake.

"You've generally some common sense, my dear," he said that day at dinner, "and how in the world you could have been so ready to fancy the man in danger, I—can—

not-imagine!'

"Papa," put in Clare, suddenly, "your

elbow is upsetting the salt."

And as I had to move my seat just then to avoid the glare of the stove, which was falling on my face, we never thought it out.

#### II.

#### HIS STORY.

I was not dining out much at that time partly because my acquaintance in town was limited, and somewhat too because I cared little for it. But these were pleasant people, the old gentleman witty and amusing, the children, lively girls, nice to look at and good to talk with. The party had too a holiday flavor about them wholesome to recall in Scotland Yard: and as I had thought, playtime over, I should see no more of them, I was proportionately pleased to find that Mr. Guest had not forgotten me, and pleased also-shrewdly expecting that we might kill our fish over again—to regard his invitation to dinner at a quarter to eight as a royal command.

But if I took it so, I was sadly wanting in

the regal courtesy to match. What with one delay owing to work that would admit of none, and another caused by a cabman strange to the ways of town, it was twentyfive minutes after the hour named when I reached Bolton Gardens. A stately man, so like the Oueen's Counsel that it was plain upon whom the latter modeled himself, ushered me straight into the dining-room, where Guest greeted me very kindly, and met my excuses by apologies on his part-for preferring, I suppose, the comfort of eleven people to mine. Then he took me down to the table, and said, "My daughter," and Miss Guest shook hands with me and pointed to the chair at her left. I had still, as I unfolded my napkin, to say "Clear, if you please," and then I was free to turn and apologize to her; being a little shy, and, as I have said, a somewhat infrequent diner

I think that I never saw so remarkable a likeness—to her younger sister—in my life. She might have been little Bab herself, but for her dress and some striking differences. Miss Guest could not be more than eighteen, in form almost as fairy-like as the little one, with the same child-like, innocent look on her face. She had the big gray eyes, too, that were so charming in Bab; but in her they were more soft and tender and thoughtful, and a thousand times more charming. Her hair, too, was brown and wavy: only, instead of hanging loose or in a pig-tail, anywhere and anyhow, in a fashion I well remembered, it was coiled in a coronal on the shapely little head, that was so Greek, and in its gracious, stately, old-fashioned pose, so unlike Bab's. Her dress, of some creamy, gauzy stuff, revealed the prettiest white throat in the world, and arms decked in pearls, and, so far, no more recalled my little fishing-mate than the sedate self-possession and assured dignity of this girl, as she talked to her other neighbor, suggested Bab making pancakes and chattering with the landlady's children in her strangely and wonderfully acquired Norse. It was not Bab in fact: and yet it almost might have been: an etherealized, queenly, womanly Babwho presently turned to me:

"Have you quite settled down after your holiday?" she asked, staying the apologies

I was for pouring into her ear.

"I had until this evening, but the sight of your father is like a breath of fiord air. I

hope your sisters are well."

"My sisters?" she murmured, wonderingly, her fork half way to her pretty mouth and her attitude one of questioning.

"Yes," I said, rather puzzled. "You know they were with your father when I had the good fortune to meet him. Miss Clare and Bab."

"Eh?" dropping her fork on the plate with a great clatter.

"Yes, Miss Guest; Miss Clare and Miss

I really began to feel uncomfortable. Her color rose, and she looked me in the face in a half-proud, half-fearful way as if she resented the inquiry. It was a relief to me, when, with some show of confusion, she at length stammered, "Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, of course they were! How very foolish of me! They are quite well, thank you," and so was silent again. But I understand now. Mr. Guest had omitted to mention my name, and she had taken me for some one else of whose holiday she knew. I gathered from the aspect of the table and the room that the Guests saw a good deal of company, and it was a very natural mistake, though by the grave look she bent upon her plate it was clear that the young hostess was taking herself to task for it; not without, if I might judge from the lurking smile at the corners of her mouth, a humorous sense of the slip, and perhaps of the difference between myself and the gentleman whose part I had been unwittingly supporting. Meanwhile I had a chance of looking at her unchecked; and thought of Dresden china, she was so frail and pretty.

"You were nearly drowned, or something of the kind, were you not?" she asked, after an interval during which we had both talked

"Well, not precisely. Your sister fancied I was in danger, and behaved in the pluckiest manner-so bravely that I can almost feel sorry that the danger was not there to dignify her heroism.'

'That was like her,' she answered, in a tone just a little scornful. "You must have

thought her a terrible tom-boy."

While she was speaking there came one of those terrible lulls in the talk, and Mr. Guest, overhearing, cried: "Who is that you are abusing, my dear? Let us all share in the sport. If it's Clare, I think I can name one who is a far worse hoyden upon occasion."

"It is no one of whom you have ever heard, papa," she answered archly. "It is a person in whom Mr.-Mr. Herapath''-I had murmured my name as she stumbled-"and I are interested. Now, tell me, did you not think so?" she murmured graciously, leaning the slightest bit toward me, and opening her eyes as she looked into mine in a way that to a man who had spent the day in a dusty room in great Scotland Yard was sufficiently intoxicating.

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ne, ine lay vas "No," I said, lowering my voice in imitation of hers. "No, Miss Guest, I did not think so at all. I thought your sister a brave little thing —rather careless, as children are apt to be, but likely to grow into a charming girl."

I wondered, marking how she bit her lip and refrained from assent, whether, impossible as it must seem to any one looking in her face, there might not be something of the shrew about my beautiful neighbor. Her tone, when she spoke of her sister, seemed to import no great good will.

"So that is your opinion?" she said, after a pause. "Do you know," with a laughing glance, "that some people think I am like her?"

"Yes," I answered, gravely. "Well, I should be able to judge, who have seen you both and yet am not an old friend. And I think you are both like and unlike. Your sister as very beautifulh eyes,"—she lowered hers swiftly—"and hair like

yours, but her manner and style were very different. I can no more fancy Bab in your place than I can picture you, Miss Guest, as I saw her for the first time—and on many after occasions," I added, laughing as much to cover my own hardihood as at the queer little figure I had conjured up.

"Thank you, Mr. Herapath," she replied, with coldness, though she blushed darkly to her ears. "That, I think, must be enough of compliments for to-night—as you are not an old friend." And she turned away, leaving me to curse my folly in saying so much, when our acquaintance was as yet in the bud, and as susceptible to overwarmth as to a temperature below zero.

A moment later the ladies left us. The flush I had brought to her cheek still lingered there, as she swept past me with a mondrous show of dignity in one so young. Mr. Guest came down and took her place, and we talked of the "land of berries," and our adventures there, while the rest—older friends—listened indulgently or struck in from time to time with their own biggest fish and deadliest flies.

I used to wonder why women like to visit dusty chambers; why they get more joy—I am fain to think they do—out of a scrambling tea up three pairs of stairs in Pump Court, than from the very same materials—and comfort withal—in their own house. I imagine it is for the same reason that the bachelor finds a singular charm in a lady's drawing-room, and there, if anywhere, sees her with a reverent mind—a charm and a



her attention divided between myself and Boccherini's minuet

subservience which I felt to the full in the Guests' drawing-room—a room rich in subdued colors and a cunning blending of luxury and comfort. Yet it depressed me. I felt Mr. Guest had passed on to others and I stood aside, the sense that I was not of these people troubling me in a manner as new as it was absurd; for I had been in the habit of rather despising "society." Miss Guest was at the piano, the centre of a circle of soft light, which showed up also a keenfaced, dark-whiskered man leaning over her with the air of one used to the position. Every one else was so fully engaged that I may have looked, as well as felt, forlorn, and meeting her eyes could have fancied she was regarding me with amusementalmost triumph. It must have been mere fancy, bred of self-consciousness, for the next moment she beckoned me to her, and said to her cavalier:

"There, Jack; Mr. Herapath is going to talk to me about Norway now, so that I don't want you any longer. Perhaps you won't mind stepping up to the schoolroom—Fraulein and Clare are there—and telling Clare, that—that—oh, anything!"

There is no piece of ill-breeding so bad to my mind as for a man who is at home in a house to flaunt his favor in the face of other guests. That young lawyer's manner as he left her, and the smile of perfect intelligence which passed between them were such a breach of good manners as would have ruffled any one. They ruffled me—yes, me, although it was no concern of mine what

she called him, or how he conducted himself-so that I could do nothing but stand by the piano and sulk. One bear makes

another, you know.

She did not speak, and I, content to watch the slender hands stealing over the keys, would not, until my eyes fell upon her right wrist. She had put off her bracelets and so disclosed a scar upon it, something about which—not its newness—so startled me that I said, abruptly, "That is very strange!

Pray, tell me how you did it!"

She looked up, saw what I meant, and stopping hastily, put on her bracelets; to all appearance so vexed by my thoughtless question, and anxious to hide the mark, that I was quick to add, humbly, "I asked because your sister hurt her wrist in nearly the same place on the day when she thought I was in trouble, and the coincidence struck me. ''

"Yes, I remember," looking at me, I thought, with a certain suspicion, as though she were not sure that I was giving the right motive. "I did this much in the same way. By falling, I mean. Isn't it a hateful

disfigurement?'

No, it was no disfigurement. Even to her, with a woman's love of conquest, it must have seemed anything but a disfigurement had she known what the quiet, awkward man at her side was thinking, who stood looking shyly at it and found no words to contradict her, though she asked him twice, and thought him stupid enough. A great longing to kiss that soft, scarred wrist was on me-and Miss Guest had added another to the number of her slaves. I don't know now why that little scar should have so touched me any more than I then could guess why, being a commonplace person, I should fall in love at first sight, and feel no surprise at my condition, only a half consciousness (seeming fully to justify it) that in some former state of being I had met my love, and read her thoughts, and learned her moods, and come to know the bright womanly spirit that looked from her frank eyes as well as if she were an old, old friend. And so vivid was this sensation, that once or twice, then and afterward, when I would meet her glance, another name than hers trembled on my tongue and passed away before I could shape it into sound.

After an interval, "Are you going to the

Goldmace's dance?"

"No," I answered her, humbly.

out so little."

"Indeed," with an odd smile not too kindly; "I wish--no, I don't-that we could say the same. We are engaged, I think"-she paused, her attention divided between myself and Boccherini's minuet, the low strains of which she was sending through the room-"for every afternoonthis week-except Saturday. By the way, Mr. Herapath-do you remember what was the name-Bab told me you teased her with?'

"Wee bonnie Bab," I answered, absently. My thoughts had gone forward to Saturday. We are always dropping to-day's substance for the shadow of to-morrow: like the dog

-a dog was it not?—in the fable.

"Oh, yes, wee bonnie Bab," she murmured, softly. "Poor Bab!" and suddenly cut short Boccherini's music and our chat by striking a terrific discord and laughing merrily at my start of discomfiture. Every one took it as a signal to leave. They all seemed to be going to meet her again next day, or the day after that; they engaged her for dances, and made up a party for the law courts, and tossed to and fro a score of laughing catch-words, that were beyond my comprehension. They all did this, except myself.

And yet I went away with something . before me-that call upon Saturday afternoon. Quite unreasonably I fancied I should see her alone. And so when the day came and I stood outside the opening door of the drawing-room, and heard voices and laughter within, I was hurt and aggrieved beyond measure. There was quite a party. and a merry one, assembled, who were playing at some gave as it seemed to me, for I caught sight of Clare whipping off an impromptu bandage from her eyes, and striving by her stiffest air to give the lie to a pair of flushed cheeks. The black-whiskered man was there, and two men of his kind. and a German governess, and a very old lady in a wheel-chair, who was called "grandmamma," and Miss Guest herself looking, in the prettiest dress of silvery plush, to the full as bright and fair and graceful as I had been picturing her each hour since we parted.

She dropped me a stately courtesy. "Will you play the part of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, Mr. Herapath, while I act honest Burchell, and say 'Fudge!' or will you burn nuts and play games with neighbor Flamborough? You will join us, won't you? Clare does not so misbehave every day, only it is such a wet afternoon, and so cold and wretched, and we did not think there would be any more callers—and

tea will be up in five minutes."

She did not think there would be any more callers! Something in her smile belied the words and taught me that she had thought-she had known-that there would inuet, nding oon way, at was

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be one more caller—one who would burn nuts and play games with her, though Rome itself were afire, and Tooley street and the Mile End road to boot.

It was a simple game enough, and not likely, one would say, to afford much risk of that burning the fingers which gave a zest to the Vicar of Wakefield's nuts. One sat in the middle blindfolded, while the rest disguised their own or assumed each other's voices, and spoke one by one some gibe or quip at his expense. When he succeeded in naming the speaker, the detected satirist put on the poke, and in his turn heard things good-if he had a conceit of himself-for his soul's health. Now this role unhappily soon fell to me, and proved a heavy one, because I was not so familiar with the other's voices as were the rest; and Miss Guest-whose faintest tones I thought to have known-had a wondrous knack of cheating me, now taking off Clare's voice, and now-after the door had been opened to admit the tea-her father's. So I failed again and again to earn my release. But when a voice behind me cried with well-

"How nice! Do tell me all about a fire!" Though no fresh creaking of the door had reached me, nor warning been given of an addition to the players, I had not the smallest doubt who was the speaker; but exclaimed at once, "That is Bab! Now I cry you mercy. I am right this time. That was Bab!"

feigned eagerness:

I looked for a burst of applause and laughter, such as had before attended a good thrust home, but none came. On the contrary, with my words so odd a silence fell upon the room that it was clear that something was wrong, and I pulled off my hand-kerchief in haste, repeating, "That was Bab, I am sure."

But if it was, I could not see her. What had come over them all? Jack's face wore a provoking smile, and his friends were clearly bent upon sniggering. Clare looked horrified, and grandmamma gently titillated, while Miss Guest, who had risen and half turned away toward the windows, seemed to be in a state of proud confusion. What was the matter?

"I beg every one's pardon by anticipation," I said, looking round in a bewildered way, "but have I said anything wrong?"

"Oh, dear, no!" cried the fellow they called Jack, with a familiarity that was in the worst taste—as if I had meant to apologize to him! "Most natural thing in the world!"

"Jack, how dare you!" exclaimed Miss Guest, stamping her foot. "Well, it seemed all right. It sounded very natural, I am sure."

"Oh, you are unbearable! Why don't you

say something, Clare?"

"Mr. Herapath, I am sure that you did not know that my name was Barbara."

"Certainly not," I cried. "What a strange thing!"

"But it is, and that is why grandmamma is looking so shocked, and Mr. Buchanan is wearing threadbare an old friend's privilege of being rude. I freely forgive you if you will make allowance for him. And you shall come off the stool of repentance anp have your tea first, since you are the greatest stranger. It is a stupid game, after all!"

She would hear no apologies from me. And when I would have asked why her sister bore the same name, and thus excused myself, she was intent upon tea-making, and the few moments I could with decency add to my call gave me scant opportunity. blush to think how I eked them out, by what subservience to Clare, by what a slavish anxiety to help even Jack to muffinseach piece I hoped might choke him. How slow I was to find hat and gloves, calling to mind with terrible vividness, as I turned my back upon the circle, that again and again in my experience an acquaintance begun by a dinner had ended with the consequent call. And so I should have gone-it might have been so here-but that the door-handle was stiff, and Miss Guest came to my aid as I "We are always at home fumbled with it. on Saturdays, if you like to call, Mr. Herapath," she murmured, carelessly, not lifting her eyes—and I found myself in the street.

So carelessly she said it that, with a sudden change of feeling, I vowed I would not call. Why should I? Why should I worry myself with the sight of those other fellows parading their favor? With the babble of that society chit-chat, which I had so often scorned, and--and still scorned, and had no part or concern in. They were not people to suit me or do me good. I would not go, I said, and repeated it firmly on Monday and Tuesday; on Wednesday only so far modified it that I thought at some distant time to leave a card-to avoid discourtesy; on Friday preferred an earlier date as wiser and more polite, and on Saturday walked shame-faced down the street, and knocked and rang and went up stairs-to taste a pleasant misery. Yes, and on the next Saturday, too, and the next, and the next; and that one on which we all went to the theatre, and that other one on which Mr. Guest kept me to dinner. Ay, and on other days that were not Saturdays, among which two stand high out of the waters of forgetfulness



"You have won a man's heart and can cast it aside to gratify an old pique."

—high days, indeed—days like twin pillars of Hercules, through which I thought to reach, as did the seamen of old, I knew not what treasures of unknown lands stretching away under the setting sun. First that one on which I found Barbara Guest alone and blurted out that I had the audacity to wish to make her my wife; and then heard, before I had well—or badly—told my tale, the wheels of grandmamma's chair outside.

"Hush!" the girl said, her face turned from me. "Hush, Mr. Herapath! You don't know me, indeed. You have seen so little of me. Please say nothing more about it. You are completely under a delusion."

"It is no delusion that I love you, Bar-

bara!" I cried.

"It is! it is!" she repeated, freeing her hand. "There, if you will not take an answer—come—come at three to-morrow. But mind, I promise you nothing—I promise nothing," she added, feverishly, and fled from the room, leaving me to talk to grandmamma as best, and escape as quickly as, I

might.

I longed for a great fire that evening, and, failing one, tired myself by tramping unknown streets of the East End, striving to teach myself that any trouble to-morrow might bring was but a shadow, a sentiment, a thing not to be mentioned in the same breath with the want and toil of which I caught glimpses up each street and lane that opened to right and left. In the main, of course, I failed; but the effort did me good,

sending me home tired out, to sleep as soundly as if I were going to be hanged next day, and not—which is a very different

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thing-to be put upon my trial.

"I will tell Miss Guest you are here, sir," the man said. I looked at all the little things in the room which I had come to know well—her work basket, the music upon the piano, the table easel, her photograph, and wondered if I were to see them no more, or if they were to become a part of my everyday life. Then I heard her come in, and turned quickly, feeling that I should

learn my fate from her greeting.

"Bab!" The word was wrung from me perforce. And then we stood and looked at one another, she with a strange pride and defiance in her eyes, though her cheek was dark with blushes, and I with wonder and perplexity in mine. Wonder and perplexity that quickly grew into a conviction, a certainty that the girl standing before me in the short-skirted brown dress with tangled hair and loose neck-ribbon was the Bab I had known in Norway; and yet that the eyes—I could not mistake them now, no matter what unaccustomed look they might wear—were Barbara Guest's!

"Miss Guest—Barbara," I stammered, grappling with the truth, "why have you

played this trick upon me?"

"It is Miss Guest and Barbara now," she cried, with a mocking courtesy. "Do your remember, Mr. Herapath, when it was Bab? When you treated me as a kind of toy and a

plaything 'with which you might be as intimate as you liked; and hurt my feelings—yes, it is weak to confess it, I know—day by day and hour by hour?"

"But, surely that is forgiven now?" I said, dazed by an attack so sudden and so bitter. "It is atonement enough that I am

at your feet now, Barbara!"

"You are not," she retorted, hotly. "Don't say you have offered love to me, who am the same with the child you teased at Breistolen. You have fallen in love with my fine clothes and my pearls and my maid's work, not with me! You have fancied the girl you saw other men make much of. But you have not loved the woman who might have prized that which Miss Guest has never learned to value."

"How old are you?" I said, hoarsely.

"Nineteen!" she snapped out. And then for a moment we were both silent.

"I begin to understand now," I answered, slowly, as soon as I could conquer something in my throat. "Long ago, when I hardly knew you, I hurt your woman's pride; and since that you have plotted—"

"No, you have tricked yourself!"

"And schemed to bring me to your feet that you might have the pleasure of trampling on me. Miss Guest, your triumph is complete, more complete than you are able to understand. I loved you this morning above all the world—as my own life—as every hope I had. See, I tell you this that you may have a moment's keener pleasure when I am gone."

"Don't! Don't!" she cried, throwing herself into a chair and covering her face.

"You have won a man's heart and cast it aside to gratify an old pique. You may rest content now, for there is nothing wanting to your vengeance. You have given me as much pain as a woman, the vainest and the most heartless, can give a man. Good-by."

And with that I was leaving her, fighting my own pain and passion, so that the little hands she raised as though they would ward off my words were nothing to me. I felt a savage delight in seeing that I could hurt her, which deadened my own grief. The victory was not all with her lying there sobbing. Only where was my hat? Let me get my hat and go. Let me escape from this room wherein every trifle upon which my eye rested awoke some memory that was a pang. Let me get away, and have done with it all.

Where was the hat? I had brought it up. I could not go without it. It must be under her chair, by all that was unlucky, for it was nowhere else. I could not stand and wait, and so I had to go up to her with cold words of apology upon my lips, and being close to her and seeing on her wrist, half hidden by fallen hair, the scar she had brought home from Norway, I don't know how it was that I fell on my knees by her and cried:

"Oh, Bab, I loved you so! Let us part friends."

For a moment, silence. Then she whispered, her hand in mine: "Why did you not say Bab to begin? I only told you that Miss Guest had not learned to value your love."

"And Bab?" I murmured, my brain in a whirl.

"Learned long ago, poor girl!"

And the fair, tear-stained face of my tyrant looked into mine for a moment, and then came quite naturally to its resting place.

"'Now," she said, when I was leaving, "you may have your hat, sir."

"I believe," I replied, "that you sat upon this chair on purpose."

And Bab blushed. I believe she did.

# TO AZRAEL, THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Kiss me; cuddle me; hold me tight Till my limbs grow stiff and cold; Till my suffering soul may take to flight; Till the knell of death is tolled.

Shield me; comfort me; save me, Dear, From the things I know and hate; From the terrible foe that binds me here; From the loathesome bonds of Fate Sting me; fondle me; strike, I bid, To the deep where sorrows lie; To the poisoning heart where life is hid; To the life that longs to die.

Take me; fondle me; make me thine In the Kingdom of the Dead; And the sheltering tomb will be our shrine, And the bier our nuptial-bed.

## THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?

Life and Death fought over the bed,
While I wept under the pine.
And Life won life, and Death the dead,
And both of them, both were mine.

And I am a father, but have no wife,
While my heart is a lump of lead.
And I know not whether to stay with life,
Or follow the fleeting dead.

#### LADDIE'S SECRET.

They needn't tell me each twinkling star
That shines in heaven so bright
Is a world like ours—I know what they are:
Each one is a bicycle-light;
And the little angels are coasting down

The wonderful Milky Way
To carry back to the heavenly throne

The prayers we children pray.

But I fear the angel who carries mine
Has somehow punctured a tire
On one of the comets along the line;
For I've prayed with but one desire,
And I have repeated my prayer each night—
I've had to whisper it though,
'Cause mamma listens with all her might,
And I don't want her to know.

I don't want her to know, you see,
'Cause I think when the angels do
Bring a wee little sister from Heaven to me
She'll be surprised—don't you?



#### THE FALLING STAR.

A swift flash in the evening sky,
Above the elm where doves are calling.

A fiery streak, with flaming eye, A star, another star is falling!

God put her with her sisters there,
She would not stop, she would not stay.
The God-forbidden she would dare,
And daring cast her soul away.

A molten drop is she in hell,
But up above, still bright, secure,
Her myriad sisters ever dwell
To light man's pathway to the pure.

### IN THE NIGHT.

The day belongs to all mankind
To fight, to strive and struggle in.
For they are mad and they are blind
To all night's attributes, save sin.

But in the night I see far more
Than all the day can show to me.
I see the folk of fairy lore,
The sprites of air and land and sea.

And when the wind is whispering
Its secrets to the bending trees,
I hear the tales of love that Spring
Has spread o'er all the lands and seas.

I see such sights, I hear such things, That never more I crave the light.
I hear the fluttering of wings And wish it were eternal night.

## RETRIBUTION.

Her smartest gown, most stylish cape, And biggest hat she wears, And so, impatient, sits and waits His step upon the stairs.

They're going to the play to-night: She thinks of days that were When, going to the play, as now, She made him wait for her.

Yet, though she certainly is vexed, She'll smile and call him "Dear," Nor let him know he's squared accounts— For they've been wed a year.



## THE WEATHER LIGHT.

AN EASTER HAPPENING.

RY

RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

WAS a Friday evening. heavens were overcast, as if in mourning for Christ crucified, and far to the southeast a bank of still dark clouds hung like a curtain between the boundless ocean and the sombre sky. The air was heavy with threats of coming storm; and the black sea, softly breaking where it met the barren slime-covered rocks, stretched away in oily undulations to meet the blacker horizon. A mile to seaward a stately iceberg, marking the margin of a drifting floe, grandly reared its snow-white pinnacles, dwarfing a vessel that lay becalmed between it and the shore. The dreary creaking of swinging booms and idle flapping of empty sails as the vessel rolled upon the heavy land swell, were faintly heard above the plaintive moaning of the breakers by an intent observer, whose

motionless figure, perched upon the precipitous verge, was distinctly outlined

against the lowering sky.

He was a tall man, slightly bent with years, whose bull-like neck, broad shoulders and wide, deep chest evinced un-His iron-gray hair common strength. hung like a main about his temples and met the tangled masses of his beard. His small gray eyes looked steadily out across the drear expanse, with something of the fixed expression of a hawk. Such was the keeper of the light upon this island outpost of western civilization, the light which sent its warning yet welcoming rays out toward the east and gave first greeting from the new world to those whom the waves might bring across the ocean from the old. The smooth rock cliffs that walled the island were unmarked by a single indentation;

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and although many ships might pass, none ventured near those beetling rocks which frowned upon the sea with constant menace, but steered an even course between them and the equally dangerous coast. Yet summer and winter, for many years, this old watcher had well fulfilled the duties of his solitary post. In pleasant weather he sometimes ventured in his dory to hail a passing steamer, and so obtained that rare luxury, a moment's converse with his fellows, and a few old papers to tell him of the happenings in the world. And once a year the Government's supply ship called to deliver his necessary stores of oil and rations, and after laying by a few hours in the offing, sailed away again, to leave him more lonely than before. With these exceptions he was debarred from intercourse with men.

The bell-shaped island was his solitary prison, and against it the encircling sea broke with sad, monotonous complainings, or wrathfully beat in impotent fury, sending salt spray drops high up to the light, where, dried and hardened by the shrieking wind, they streaked the polished glass with long white blotches, like the stains of tears.

But in his prison he was the only keeper. None could dispute with him his bleak domain. He had many times explored the barren island until he knew each granite knob and rift; and of late had whiled his idle hours, in raging storm as well as pleasant weather, by sitting there upon the highest point, above the wild song of the breaking waters, mutely observant of any passing sail and of the grotesque images of ice that drifted silently with the Arctic stream.

Perhaps unconsciously, he had absorbed some of the hardness of his harsh surroundings; for from that eerie height he had seen more than one strong ship beat to pieces on the rocks below, and had felt less sympathy than the barnacles that clothed them, although, above the furore of the warring elements, he had caught sometimes the faintly

echoing shrieks of despairing men.

They were but cowards to cry, and wail, and call on God, who never mayhap had heeded his commandments. He had respect for Heaven at such rare moments as he chanced to think of it. He had an admiration for the tumultuous sea, and gloried in the storms that stirred its bosom and strewed disaster's tokens on the strand. But for mankind he had naught but contempt. Cowards they were who spoke bravely, lived treacherously and died in terror!

His eyes were fixed upon the drifting vessel, which the current was slowly carrying towards the rocks, and on the cloud bank behind, that had risen and spread out noiselessly until it enveloped a third of all the eastern heavens.

Had he been master of that imperilled ship he would have had the men out in the boats. She was not large, and during the afternoon calm the crew might have towed her clear of the island's head and given her sea-room in which to meet the storm. An idle thought at which he grimly smiled. She stood a fair chance now to furnish kindling for the lighthouse fires.

He knocked the dead ashes from his pipe, rose slowly to his feet as he refilled it, and turning his back upon the vessel and the sea

made his way toward the tower.

Against the lighthouse base there was a heap of drift, brought with great labor up the steep path from the beach below; broken spars and pieces of bulwarks, thwarts from swamped lifeboats that had not saved a life, shattered skylights, rusty anchor-chains and coils of rotting rope.

Inside the tower, the door of which stood open, the waning daylight fell upon worthier things—a tarnished binnacle, a tier of mouldering chests, barrels and cases, fishing nets, mildewed sails, and odds and ends of

wreckage from the sea.

He glanced approvingly around upon these things. What might the drifting vessel add to them? Would it be the salt provision of a sealing cruise? Or crates of fruit from sunny Italy? Or merchandise from England, clothes and steel tools? Brazilian coffees and casks of bitter ale?

Her chests perhaps might hold still better

wares

With the thought his small eyes glistened hungrily; and mounting the winding staircase to the room above, he shut and locked the door, although no man was nearer than the ship, drew from beneath his iron cot a heavy trunk of horsehide, thickly studded with large brass-headed nails, opened its battered top and plunged his arm elbow deep in its interior. There was the clink of metal as he withdrew a canvas bag, and nervously untying the string about its neck, he poured the glittering contents on the floor—yellow guineas and sovereigns, blackened shillings and crowns; a thousand and ninety pounds of British coins.

He knew the total well, for he had counted them many times since that wild storm which washed the fragments of the ''North Star' ashore—a fortune which men would slave for, lie for, fight for, do everything but die for! A fortune truly to such a man as he, who until the sea so lavishly washed it up, had but his wage of forty pounds a year.

Yet, now that this was his, the sum was



---poured the glittering contents on the floor

not enough to satisfy him. In his younger days he had sailed around the world. He knew the great seaports; and, in the few hours' leave he had enjoyed on shore at each, had learned how gold would melt before a smile, which when the gold was gone became a frown.

He thrust his lean fingers through the shining dises to claw them back into their canvas bag, when a slight sound made him start, and his tightly closed lips twitched violently. What could have caused it? He sprang to the window and peered into the gathering twilight, but everything without was silent; even the sea was hushed in that moment of suspense preceding storm.

It was high time for him to show the light, yet he lingered between the window and the scattered coins, his heavy brows knitting in a scowl, while a shadow, that was not of the fading day, spread over his bronzed features.

Presently he knelt and carefully gathered up his hoard; tied the bag's mouth securely and tossed it into the open trunk, which he pushed back against the wall beneath his bed. Then he unlocked the door and heavily climbed the stairs.

Arriving at the lens, he brushed the wicks and set them with painstaking care, although these duties had been performed at early morning and the well-trimmed lamp needed no such attention.

For a time he polished the shining glasses with a bit of waste and peered out through them at the indistinct shadow which marked the location of the drifting ship.

And then an ominous soughing, like the rustling of dry leaves, began far off at sea, at sound of which he paused and waited motionless, the bit of oily waste clutched tightly in his outstretched hand. As he listened, it quickly swelled to a deafening din, and the full fury of the pent-up gale burst forth, the glass panes shook and rattled, and the stanch lighthouse seemed to tremble with the shock.

He struck a match, turned toward the wicks, hesitated, and then applied it to his pipe, allowing the blaze to die away between his nerveless fingers. As it flickered and went out, he turned abruptly and started down the stairs; and for the first time in all his years of faithful service the

warning light remained unkindled.

Hastily donning an oilskin hat and coat that hung upon a nail beside his living room, he plunged down the staircase to the outer door, which the wind closed with a crash as he stepped toward it. He felt for the latch in the oppressive darkness, and again that slight rasping sound grated upon his

ears, at which the strong man sickened and grew faint.

There was no other living creature in the tower, he knew. Was it some warning from the unseen world? More like some frightened sea bird, thrown against the walls by the shrieking wind. He would not let so small a matter turn him. He had decided and would pursued his course.

He struck a match and found a can of oil, slung a large bundle of oakum on his shoulder, and bearing these, passed the door and forced his way against the boisterous storm. The salt spray from the breakers dashed against him; the rushing air trembled with the burden of their deafening roar; and bending forward almost to the ground, he

fought his way along the wet summit of the cliff until he reached the spot of his accustomed watch.

Clinging to the jagged edges of the dripping rocks, that the buffeting gusts might not sweep him from his footing, he tore his bundle open and forced the oakum securely into a narrow cleft, then poured the contents of the can upon it. As he did so a lurid flash lit up the rocks, the distant light tower and the boiling waters; and there below him, ten cable-lengths from the shore, through the driving spray, the ship, with sails close reefed, plunged in the foaming waves which broke upon her.

So vivid was the momentary picture disclosed by the lightning's glare, that, after it had passed, he still saw plainly the stalwart figures at the wheel and each man bravely at his post, attentive and watchful for commands. No cowards those who fought against such odds! They surely must anticipate destruction, yet not until the ship should strike would these men flinch. Had they been like the others he had seen go down, confusion would have reigned with them ere now, and panic would have quickly ended all.

The crashing thunder echoed round him, and he crouched more closely to the slippery rocks, shivering at the thought of seeing such men die. He needed but to kindle his beacon, and they, mistaking it for the light, would shape their course by chart to clear the land, would grind and break upon the

rocks beneath the tower!

It was a Friday, he suddenly remembered—an unlucky day at best, and this one doubly ill perhaps for evil deeds, for it was that one of all the year that men termed "Good." Was it so good a thing the Lord had suffered? The memory of the ship's three stalwart masts, that the flaring light had burned upon his vision, shaped them into three mighty wooden crosses, on which he saw three giants crucified. The thieves were pardoned, but—the thieves had not a murder on their souls!

As the thought took possession of him, a second flash, a dazzling sword of light cut through the stormy darkness, and before him the white light-tower stood out in bold relief, like some great finger pointing to the angry heavens. A loud explosion shook the rocks beneath him, and starting wildly to his feet he ran, stumbling and falling among the spray-drenched boulders, but quickly rising to pursue his flight, until the stout tower-door had closed behind him.

Dizzily he groped his way up the winding stairs toward the unlit lamp. He would kindle it now. A thousand times better to lose the coveted wreckage, than to be haunted by those brave men's wraiths, to hear their accusations in the breakers, to feel the wrath of Heaven in the storm, to dread the thought of death and fear the awful punishment of God!

With beating heart he reached the highest curve of the iron staircase, and tremblingly struck a match, when, guarding the darkened dome above, there suddenly glowed a spot of ghostly green, at sight of which he dropped the sputtering match and half ut-

tered a cry of mortal fear.

The cry was never finished. There was a blinding glare, a blow that rocked the light house to its base, and the strong man lost his footing on the stairs, which creaked and rattled as his heavy body crashed down their steep incline. Then all was still.

The light house sent a blazing warning through the night; the lightning flashed and glimmered; the thunder pealed; the clouds broke, drowning the mad wind with a flood of tears; and the sailors worked like giants at their tasks, and held their vessel off the menacing rocks.

All the next day they fought the surging sea, beating to windward and carried back again by the relentless grasp of the rushing

ocean stream.

When the morning came upon the Easter



The strong man lost his footing on the stairs.

day and the curling waves calmed down, the honest captain and his grateful crew, first gave thanks to God for their deliverance and then repaired the damage of the storm. When this was done they launched a boat to solve the mystery of the light. The keeper had been seen upon the cliff, but the beacon had not been lighted at the proper hour. Yet it had been kindled in the nick of time, and had burned fiercely, strangely, through the night; and now at noon, upon the second day, still showed a feeble glow.

At the entrance to the tower they found the keeper's battered form, from which all life had fled. Across his weather beaten face there was a livid mark, whose outlines curi-

ously traced a crucifix.

In the shattered dome, the broken and burned out tanks of oil still sullenly smoked; and the top of the iron staircase was twisted and blackened by the lightning's stroke.

With awe-struck whispers, they wrapped the body in a canvas shroud; and while the sailors with gentle hands prepared it for rude burial, the white-haired boatswain wandered off along the path above the precipitous cliff.

He came at last upon the point where he had observed the keeper standing before the storm, and with a startled cry beheld the preparation for the false beacon light. The wrecker's motive was disclosed as plainly as the wrecker's punishment.

Lifting the empty can, he weighed it in his hand, and, after a moment's thought, hurled it down into the breakers far below. The oil-soaked oakum followed; and returning to his shipmates, he held his peace—avenging Heaven had cancelled the account!

When all was done, the captain read the burial service above the shallow grave they had prepared, and offered a short prayer for the repose of the poor lighthouse keeper's soul "Surely," the good man said, "a soul released on such a day will reap the measure of God's loving mercy."

The boatswain echoed the prayer with earnest heart, and at its ending breathed, "Amen"; while the encircling sea-gulls and the sullen surf in minor cadence voiced a

requiem.



## NOT THE HUSK, BUT THE CORN.

New wine in old bottles, You all will agree, Is welcome to no one— Yet why should this be?

Priscilla, the witch, As her grandmother dressed, Looks just as bewitching, It must be confessed.

It isn't the bottle,
It isn't the dress;
'Tis the age of the contents—
No more and no less—

And if the wine's old And the maid young and free, We care not a rap What their wrappings may be.

## THE WHIRL OF DAYS.\*

BY

#### ANTHONY HOPE.



EITHER life nor the lawn tennis club was so full at Natterley that the news of Harry Sterling's return had not some importance.

He came back, moreover, to assume a position very different from his old one. He had left Harrow now, departing in the sweet aroma of a long score against Eton at Lord's, and was to go up to Oxford in October. Now between a schoolboy and a University man there is a gulf, indicated unmistakably by the cigarette which adorned Harry's mouth as he walked down the street with a newly acquiescent father, and thoroughly realized by his old playmates. The young men greeted him as an equal, the boys grudingly accepted his superiority, and the girls received him much as though they had never met him before in their lives and were pressingly in need of an introduction. These features of his reappearance amused Mrs. Mortimer; she recollected him as an untidy, shy, pretty boy; but mind, working on matter, had so transformed him that she was doubtful enough about him to ask her husband if that were really Harry Sterling.

Mr. Mortimer, mopping his bald head after one of his energetic failures at lawn tennis, grunted assent, and remarked that a few years more would see a like development in their elder son, a remark which bordered on absurdity; for Johnny was but eight, and ten years are not a few years to a lady of twenty-eight, whatever they may seem to a man of forty-four.

Presently, Harry, shaking himself free from an entangling group of the Vicarage girls, joined his father, and the two came across to Mrs. Mortimer.

She was a favorite of old Sterling's, and he was proud to present his handsome son to her. She listened graciously to his jocosities, stealing a glance at Harry when his father called him "a good boy." Harry blushed and assumed an air of indifference, tossing his hair back from his smooth forehead, and swinging his racket carelessly in his hand. The lady addressed some words of patronizing kindness to him, seeking to put him at his ease. She seemed to succeed to some extent, for he let his father and her

husband go off together, and sat down by her on the bench, regardless of the fact that the Vicarage girls were waiting for him to make a fourth. too

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He said nothing, and Mrs. Mortimer looked at him from under her long lashes; in so doing she discovered that he was looking at her.

"Aren't you going to play any more, Mr. Sterling?" she asked.

"Why aren't you playing?" he rejoined.

"My husband says I play too badly."
"Oh, play with me! We shall make a good pair."

"Then you must be very good."

"Well, no one can play a hang here, you know. Besides, I'm sure you're all right, really."

"You forget my weight of years."

He opened his blue eyes a little, and laughed. He was, in fact, astonished to find that she was quite a young woman. Remembering old Mortimer and the babies, he had thought of her as full middle-aged. But she was not; nor had she that likeness to a suet pudding, which his new-born critical faculty cruelly detected in his old friends, the Vicarage girls.

There was one of them—Maudie—with whom he had flirted in his holidays; he wondered at that, especially when a relentless memory told him that Mrs. Mortimer must have been at the parties where the thing went on. He felt very much older, so much older that Mrs. Mortimer became at once a contemporary. Why, then, should she begin, as she now did, to talk to him, in quasi maternal fashion, about his prospects? Men don't have prospects, or, anyhow, are spared questionings thereon.

Either from impatience of this topic, or because, after all, tennis was not to be neglected, he left her, and she sat alone for a little while, watching him play. She was glad that she had not played; she could not have rivaled the activity of the Vicarage girls. She got up and joined Mrs. Sterling, who was presiding over the club teapot. The good lady expected compliments on her son, but for some reason Mrs. Mortimer gave her none. Very soon, indeed, she

<sup>\*(</sup>Copyrighted 1898 by Howard, Ainslee & Company.)

took Johnnie away with her, leaving her husband to follow at his leisure.

In comparing Maudie Sinclair to a suetpudding, Harry had looked at the dark side

of the matter.

The suggestion, though indisputable, was only occasionally obtrusive, and as a rule hushed almost to silence by the pleasant good nature which redeemed shapeless features. Mrs. Mortimer had always liked Maudie, who ran in and out of her house continually, and had made of herself a vice-mother for the little children.

The very next day she came, and in the intervals of playing cricket with Johnnie, took occasion to inform Mrs. Mortimer that in her opinion Harry Sterling was by no means improved by his new status and dignity. She went so far as to use the term "stuck-up." "He didn't use to be like that," she said, shaking her head; "he used to be very jolly," Mrs. Mortimer was relieved to note an entire absence of romance either in the regretted past or the condemned present. Maudie mourned a friend spoiled, not an admirer lost; the tone of her criticisms left no doubt of it, and Mrs. Mortimer, with a laugh, announced her intention.

of asking the Sterlings to dinner and having Maudie to meet them. "You will be able to make it up then," said she.

"Why, I see him every day at the tennis

club," cried Maudie, in surprise.

The faintest of blushes tinged Mrs. Mortimer's cheek as she chid herself for forgetting this obvious fact.

The situation now developed rapidly. The absurd thing happened: Harry Sterling began to take a serious view of his attachment to Mrs. Mortimer. The one thing more absurd, that she should take a serious view of it, had not happpened yet, and, indeed, would never happen; so she told herself with a nervous little laugh. Harry gave her no opportunity of saying so to him, for you cannot reprove glances or discourage pressings of the hand in fashion so blunt.

And he was very discreet; he never made her look foolish. In public he treated her with just the degree of attention that gained his mother's fond eulogium, and his father's approving smile; while Mr. Mortimer, who went to London at nine o'clock every morning and did not return till seven, was very seldom bothered by finding the young fellow hanging about the house. Certainly he came

pretty frequently between the hours named, but it was, as the children could have witnessed, to play with them. And, through his comings and goings, Mrs. Mortimer moved with pleasure, vexation, self-contempt, and eagerness.

One night she and her husband went to dine with the Sterlings. After dinner Mr. Mortimer accepted his host's invitation to stay for a smoke. He saw no difficulty in his wife walking home alone; it was but half a mile, and the night was fine and moonlit. Mrs. Mortimer made no difficulty, either, but Mrs Sterling was sure that Harry would be delighted to see Mrs. Mortimer to her house.

She liked the boy to learn habits of politeness, she said, and his father eagerly proffered his escort, waving aside Mrs. Mortimer's protest that she would not think of troubling Mr. Harry; throughout which conversation Harry said nothing at all, but stood smiling, with his hat in his hand, the picture of an obedient, wellmannered youth. There are





to enjoy the night's beauty, he slackened his pace to a very crawl.

"'It's rather dark; won't you take my arm?" he
"What nonsense! Why, I could see to read!"

"But I'm sure you're tired."

"How absurd you are! Was it a great bore?"

"What?"

"Why, coming."
"No," said Harry.

In such affairs monosyllables are danger signals. A long protestation might have meant nothing; in this short, sufficient negative Mrs. Mortimer recognized the boy's sincerity. A little thrill of pride and shame and perhaps something else, ran through her. The night was hot and she unfastened the clasp of her cloak, breathing a trifle quickly. To relieve the silence, she said, with a laugh:

"You see, we poor married women have to depend on charity. Our husbands don't

care to walk home with us. Your father was bent on your coming."

Harry laughed a short laugh; the utter darkness of Mr. Sterling's condition struck through his agitation down to his sense of humor. Mrs. Mortimer smiled at him; she could not help it: the secret between them was so pleasant to her, even while she hated herself for its existence.

They had reached the meadow now, halfway through their journey. A little gate led

into it and Harry stopped, leaning his arm on the top rail.

"Oh, no! we must go on," she murmured.

"They won't move for an hour yet," he answered, and then he suddenly broke out:

"How-how funny it is! I hardly remembered you, you know."

"Oh, but I remembered you, a pretty little boy," and she looked up at his face, half a foot above her. Mere stature has much effect and the little boy stage seemed very far away. And he knew that it did, for he put out his hand to take hers. She drew back. "No." she said.



"You must go and play again," she said. "You musn't come and talk to me."

Harry blushed. She took hold of the gate and he, yielding his place, let her pass through. For a minute or two they walked on in silence.

"Oh, how silly you are!" she cried then, beginning with a laugh and ending with a strange catch in her throat. "Why, you are only just out of knickerbockers!"

"I don't care, I don't care, Hilda——"
"Hush! hush! Oh, indeed you must be quiet! See, we are nearly home."

He seized her hand, not to be quelled this time, and, bending low over it, kissed it. She could not draw it away, but watched him with a curious, pained smile. He looked

up in her face, his own glowing with excitement. He righted himself to his full stature, and, from that stooping, kissed her on the line

"Oh, you silly boy!" she moaned, and found herself alone in the meadow. He had gone swiftly back by the way they had come, and she went on to her home.

Mr. Mortimer had never been so looked after, cosseted, and comforted for his early start as the next morning, nor had the children found their mother so patient and affectionate. She was in an abasement of shame and disgust at herself, and quite unable to treat her transgression lightly. That he was a boy and she-not a girl-seemed to charge her with his as well as her own sins, and, besides this moral aggravation, entailed a lower anxiety as to his discretion and secrecy that drove her half mad with worry. Suppose he should boast of it! Or, if he were not bad enough for that, only suppose he should be carried away into carelessness about it!

She had to go to a party at the Vicarage in the afternoon. Harry would be sure to be there, and, with a conflict of feeling finding expression in her acts, she protected herself by taking all the children, while she inconsistently dressed herself in her most youthful and coquettish costume. She found herself almost grudging Johnnie his rapidly increasing inches, even while she relied on him for an assertion of her position as a matron. For the folly of last night was to be over and done with, and her acquaintance with Harry Sterling to return to its only possible sane basis; that she was resolved on, but she wanted Harry honestlyeven keenly-to regret her determination.

He was talking to Maudie Sinclair when she arrived; he took off his hat, but did not allow his eyes to meet hers. She gathered her children round her, and sat down among the chaperons. Mrs. Sterling came and talked to her; divining a sympathy, the good mother had much to say of her son, of her hopes and her fears for him; so many dangers beset young men, especially if they were attractive, like Harry; there were debts, idleness, fast men, and—worst of all—there were designing women, ready to impose on and ruin the innocence of youth.

"He's been such a good boy till now," said Mrs. Sterling, "but, of course, his father and I feel anxious. If we could only keep him out here, out of harm's way, under our own eyes!"

Mrs. Mortimer murmured consolation.

"How kind of you! And your influence is so good for him. He thinks such a lot of

you. Hilda."

Mrs. Mortimer, tried too hard, rose and strolled away. Harry's set seemed to end most directly, and a moment later he was shaking hands with her, still keeping his eyes away from hers. She made her grasp cold and inanimate, and he divined the displeasure she meant to indicate.

"You must go and play again," she said, or talk to the girls. You musn't come and

talk to me."

"Why not! How can I help it—now?"

The laughing at her and himself had evidently not come, but, bad as that would have been to bear, his tone threatened something worse.

"Don't," she answered sharply. "I'm very angry. You were very unkind and—

and ungentlemanly last night."

He flushed crimson.

"Didn't you like it?" he asked, with the

terrible simplicity of his youth.

For all her trouble, she had to bite her lip to hide a smile. What a question to ask—just in so many words!

"It was very, very wicked, and, of course, I didn't like it," she answered. "Oh, Harry, don't you know how wicked it was?"

"Oh, yes! I know that, of course," said he, picking at the straw of his hat, which he was carrying in his hand.

"Well, then!" she said.
"I couldn't help it."

"You must help it. Oh, don't you know
—oh, it's absurd! I'm years older than
you."

"You looked so-so awful pretty."

"I can't stand talking to you. They'll all see."

"'Oh, it's all right. You're a friend of mother's, you know. I say, when shall I be able to see you again—alone, you know?"

"If—if you care the least for me—for what I wish, go away, Harry," she whis-

pered.

He looked at her in wonder, but, with a frown on his face, did as he was told. Five minutes later he was playing again; she heard him shout "Thirty—love," as he served, a note of triumphant battle in his voice. She believed that she was altogether out of his thoughts.

Her husband was to dine in town that night, and, for sheer protection, she made Maudie Sinclair come and share her evening meal. The children were put to bed, and they sat down alone together, talking over the party. Maudie was pleased to relax a little of her severity toward Harry Sterling; she admitted that he had been very useful in

arranging the sets, and very pleasant to every one.

"Of course, he's conceited," she said, but all boys are. He'll get over it."

"You talk as if you were a hundred, Maudie," laughed Mrs. Mortimer. "He's older than you are."

"Oh, but boys are much younger than girls, Mrs. Mortimer. Harry Sterling's quite

a boy still."

A knock sounded at the door. A minute later the boy walked in. The sight of Maudie Sinclair produced a momentary start, but he recovered himself and delivered a note from his mother, the excuse for his visit. It was an invitation for a few days ahead; there could certainly have been no hurry for it to arrive that night. While Mrs. Mortimer read it, Harry sat down and looked at her. She was obliged to treat his arrival as unimportant, and invited him to have a glass of wine.

"Why are you in evening dress?" asked

Maudie wonderingly.

"For dinner," answered Harry.

"Do you dress when you're alone at home?"

"Generally. Most men do."

Maudie allowed herself to laugh. Mrs. Mortimer saw the joke, too, but its amusement was bitter to her.

"I like it," she said gently. "Most of

the men I know do it."

"Your husband doesn't," observed Miss Sinclair.

"Poor George gets down from town so

She gave Harry the reply she had written, (it was a refusal—she could not have told why), but he seemed not to understand that he was to go. Before he apprehended she had to give him a significant glance; she gave it in dread of Maudie's eyes. She knew how sharp schoolgirl's eyes are in such things. Whether Maudie saw it or not, Harry did; he sprang to his feet and said good-night.

Maudie was not long after him. The conversation languished, and there was nothing to keep her. With an honest yawn she took her leave. Mrs. Mortimer accompanied her down the garden to the gate. As she went, she became to her startled horror aware of a third person in the garden. She got rid of Maudie as soon as she could, and turned back to the house. Harry, emerging from behind a tree, stood before her.

"I know what you are going to say," he said doggedly, "but I couldn't help it. I was dying to see you again." She spread out her hands as though to push him away.

She was like a frightened girl.

"Oh, you're mad!" she whispered. "You must go. Suppose any one should come. Suppose my husband

I can't help it. I won't stay long."

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"Harry, Harry, don't be cruel! You'll ruin me, Harry. If you love me, go-if you love me."

Even now he hardly fathomed her distress, but she had made him understand that this spot and this time were too danger-

"Tell me where I can see you safely," he asked, almost demanded.

"You can see me safely—nowhere."

"Nowhere? You mean that you won't

"Harry, come here a minute—there—no closer. I just want to be able to touch your hair. Go away, dear-yes, I said 'dear.' Do please go away. You-you won't be any happier afterward for having-if-if you don't go away."

He stood irresolutely still. Her fingers lightly touched his hair, and then her arm dropped at her side. He saw a tear run down her cheek. Suddenly his own face turned crimson.

"I'm—I'm very sorry," he muttered. "I didn't mean-

"Good-night. I'm going in."

She held out her hand. Again he bent and kissed it, and as he did so, he felt the light touch of her lips in his hair.

"I'm such a foolish, foolish woman," she whispered, "but you're a gentleman, Harry," and she drew her hand away and left him.

Two days later she took her children off to the seaside. And the Mortimers never came back to Natterly. She wrote and told Mrs. Sterling that George wanted to be nearer his work in town, and that they had gone to live at Wimbledon.

"How we shall miss her!" exclaimed good Mrs. Sterling. "Poor Harry! what'll

he say?"

One day at Brighton, some six years later, a lady in widow's weeds, accompanied by a long, loose-limbed boy of fourteen, was taking the air by the sea. The place was full of people, and the scene gay.

Mrs. Mortimer sat down on a seat and Johnnie stood idly by her. Presently a young man and a girl came along. While they were still a long way off, Mrs. Mortimer, who was looking in that direction, suddenly leaned forward, started a little, and looked hard at them. Johnnie, noticing nothing, whistled unconcernedly. couple drew near. Mrs. Mortimer sat with a faint smile on her face. The girl was chatting merrily to the young man, and he listened to her and laughed every now and then, but his bright eyes were not fixed on her, but were here, there, and everywhere, where metal attractive to such eyes might be found. The discursive mood of the eyes somehow pleased Mrs. Mortimer. Just as the young man came opposite her, he glanced in her direction.

Mrs. Mortimer wore the curious, halfindifferent, half-expectant air of one ready for recognition, but not claiming it as a right. At the first glance, a puzzled look came into the young man's eyes. He looked again; then there was a blank in his eyes. Mrs. Mortimer made no sign, but sat still, half-expectant. He was past her now, but he flung a last glance over his shoulder. He was evidently very doubtful whether the lady on the seat, in the heavy mourning robes, were someone he knew or not. First he thought she was, and then he thought she wasn't. The face certainly reminded him of-now who the deuce was it? Harry knit his brows and exclaimed:

"I half believe that's somebody I know!"

And he puzzled over it for nearly five minutes all in vain. Meanwhile, Mrs. Mortimer looked at the sea, till Johnnie told her that it was dinner-time.



# EASTER.

\*HE churches open wide their doors Through which a gaudy pageant pours Of women clad in fine array Of rustling silk and bonnets gay And men who, when the pastor prays, But drop their heads and floorward gaze, Nor bend a knee, lest it should mar Their trousers' perpendicular In whispered murmurs, each to each, They criticize the pastor's speech, The utterances of the choir, Each worthy neighbor's rich attire, The flowers that deck the altar, and Such scandal as may come to hand; But when the plate at length is passed, Ah, then the tongues are wagging fast: "Tis wonderful how So-and-so, With all that he is known to owe, Can drop a glittering gold-piece in-Such ostentation is a sin. And did you note how Mistress Mean. Whose fortune is a million clean, But one small piece of silver gave? Such doling would disgrace a slave!" All this, and more in equal vein, Is gossiped o'er and o'er again, Until the benediction notes The time for donning overcoats And shoulder-capes and gloves and tiles, And all that Fashion's Court beguiles. You think that this is all? Oh, no; 'Tis but the prelude to the show

That now the avenue will thread, With slow and duly measured tread; For all the world is now on view Upon the luring avenue, And hats are raised, and compliments Are passed upon the day's events: "Why, So-and-So, how do you do? 'Twas very generous of you-Ah, Master Worldly, we'd a fear That we might fail to meet you here-And how is Mistress Mean? No doubt That prosy sermon tired you out, But then you're looking- Pardon me-So glad to see you, Dominie; Your sermon was the very best, We heard it with such interest!" At home at length to talk it o'er And vote it all a beastly bore; On courses five or six to dine-Each with its complement of wine-And the ensuing lethargy To sleep away in time for tea-Oh, Mother Nature: lead my feet Out to thy pastures fair and sweet, Where birds are singing hymns of praise, And every budding branch betrays It's gratitude to Him on high Who looks upon them from the sky, And whom they win, with gracious art, To still maintain a joyous heart, To overlook, as none else can, His one mistake, in making man!-R. G. T.





THE SYBARITE.
(Painted by Benjamin Eggleston.)

# BENJAMIN EGGLESTON, PAINTER.

BY

THEODORE DREISER.

UT OF the West seem to come the young men with strong, if not new ideas, and the forceful manner in which they do what they undertake to do soon attracts attention to them, large as the metropolis is. I have heard it said that no

metropolis is. I have heard it said that no one could imagine an Edison hidden in the great host of people who, swarm, an indefinite mass, in our public ways. No more can one imagine an equally distinctive character in any field, long lost to public view. Distinctive, characterful, energetic men are not so numerous after all, and for the talented there is always a place.

This thought is especially suggested by the rise of Benjamin Eggleston, a young painter of an idealistic turn, whose pictures have attracted more and more attention during the past few years. At the last exhibition of the American Academy of Design one of his pictures, "Dreamy Summer," commanded the good favor of the hanging committee, and was given an especially con-

spicuous position in the south gallery, where it attracted a host of admirers. It was talked of also as a fine example of what some artists consider the chief merit of painting—exquisite coloring. Idea is one thing, they will tell you, form is another, purpose is a third, but coloring, good coloring is above all the first, the most to be desired. In point of coloring this picture was indeed beautiful, and this fact was soon generally realized (to Mr. Eggleston's advantage), for no sooner was the exhibition closed than the picture was bid in by the Boston Art Club, at the highest price thus far paid him for any of his work.

While on the present subject it may be said that this is the bone of contention in art, this store set by color. A great many painters hold to it that the great painter is the great colorist, and then turn right around and lavish rare praise on men whose great charm is not color at all, but spiritualized idea. How many have I heard glory in the paintings of G. F. Watts, works in

which the idea is everything, and then admit, in conclusion, that "he doesn't know anything about color at all." Similarly I have heard artists who are master colorists themselves; whose paintings are splendid examples of charm in form, strengthened by a fine taste in color, dwell with the most deep-souled admiration upon the work of Rossetti, whose spiritual ideas are almost everything. Such ideas as he did not express in paintings, Rossetti put in the form of sonnets and verses, which will give him eternal fame as a poet. On the other hand, such ideas as he did not express in the shape of poems he put forth in paintings, and there is in the Royal Academy in London an entire room set apart for these paintings of his -a room to himself. Yet Rossetti was not a great colorist by any means. A dozen of his contemporaries did vastly more charming color work, but there can be no question of

his standing as a painter. This always seemed to me to prove that an idea might be so fine, so beautiful and ethereal, that if the color work were almost bad and the drawing almost mediocre, the picture would still be a great picture, and the painter of it a great painter. It certainly is so with Watts, and he is not the only one.

It is by no means my intention to disparage the work of Eggleston on the ideal side. Although so far his pictures have usually contained but one figure, and that a woman, he is not devoid of idea or purpose. These women he paints now are the most beautiful things he finds on which to lavish his color schemes. There are other ideas in store, ideas which if ever worked out with the same faithfulness to detail and the same beauty of color, will astonish the natives in more ways than one. For he contemplates pictures in which poetic idea will



"THE MODEL."
(Painted by Benjamin Eggleston.)

predominate, and some really appealing idea be set forth with all the charm of manner at his command. Such work Byam Shaw has done for England, and there is no valid

reason why America should not have a Shaw.

This sense of color, so strong in Mr. Eggleston, coupled with his strong, graceful drawing and poetic ideas, has placed his work in the first rank of American art. Black and white reproductions of his work give no idea of this, its chief charm, which must be seen to be appreciated. Too often it is greatly the other way, and photographic reproductions of pictures give indication of something truly beautiful, when if the original were introduced its defects of color and massing of shadows would destroy the charm entirely. For this reason it is almost impossible to obtain an opinion, favorable or otherwise, from any artist, who has nothing but the photograph of a painting to judge by. "My boy," I have heard them say again and again, "you never can tell. This photograph shows a beautiful idea, but if I were shown the original the whole handling of the color scheme might be so wretched that all its charm would be gone."

In the present instance the chief charm would be added. No one, I dare say, has a

finer feeling for the beauty of textures of various kinds than Mr. Eggleston. The curtain, rugs, laces, brocades and other surfaces which appear in his pictures are reproduced in a manner calculated to deceive the eve into the belief that here and there the real material has been introduced. The genuineness of his flesh tints are gratifying to the eye, and his conception of what constitutes ease and beauty. and grace of posture, is pleasing in the extreme. All his pictures thus far have been illustrative of luxurious grace and beauty in women, so much so, that they are almost un-American or perhaps even Oriental in touch, but as pictures they are none the less meritorious.

How this peculiar sense of beauty has come to develop itself along these lines and learned so pleasing a mode of expression is another of the mysteries of life. The painter has never studied abroad. All his days from the cradle up were spent in such places as Red Wing, St. Paul, Dayton and other northwestern and middlestates cities. The de-



THE DACI.
(Decorative Panel, Painted by Benjamin Eggleston.)

tail of his struggles to attain ability and recognition in his chosen field would make excellent material for that Samuel Smiles type of people, who delight to write concern-ing self-help. His father, who was a soldier in the civil war, had taken a soldier's homestead in Redwood County, Minnesota, where young Eggleston lived until he was seventeen, working on his father's farm in summer and attending the high school at Marshall in the winter. He gave, he has told me, every leisure moment to art in some form, having had from boyhood a taste and talent for painting. At that time his parents recognized his ability, but being poor, were unable to give him the proper schooling, so he determined to work his own way upward in the profession, and leaving the farm, at the age of seventeen, he went to Red Wing, Minn., where his uncle was living, and by painting portraits and teaching, supported himself and saved about \$150.

With this he went to Minneapolis and entered the art school, which had just been opened, under the direction of Douglas Volk. There he remained a year, when he was obliged to give up his studies, but secured the position of staff artist on the Minneapolis "Tribune."

The memory of this time is now very pleasing to Mr. Eggleston, although he was dissatisfied with it then. Far as it was from his hope of painting, it was training of a fair kind, as all tasks connected with daily journalism must be. All sorts and conditions of men and events came up for illustration, and his pen was never idle. He has a collection of these drawings which is large enough to stagger the average onlooker. It was practice in drawing all the time, and as he made it a point never to shirk his work, the exercise of his pen was advantageous and kept fresh for him such knowledge as he had gained from Volk. It gave him an opportunity to try his hand on small artistic subjects, and some of these are not half bad, even in the light of his present standing.

For two years he worked steadily with his pen, keeping on with brush work at odd times, until his health forced him to give up the work, when he removed to Geneva, Ohio, where his parents had betaken themselves. Recovering his health, he came East in the fall of 1889, and settled in Brooklyn, where he made notable acquaintances and painted a number of portraits. In 1891 he contributed to the Academy of Design two pictures, "The Model" and "The Cast Vender," which were favorably commented upon and subsequently sold.

In 1895 he went abroad for a year, when he exhibited at the Paris Salon. On his residence in Brooklyn, where he has remained since, and where he is building at present a handsome studio, in order to better prosecute his artistic plans.

Mr. Eggleston is quite a young man, having just turned thirty, and has the energy and physique to carry out his ideals. He is an admirer of the English school of painters, particularly Millais, whose classic subjects and exquisite coloring are his delight. If



A SKETCH.
(Painted by Benjamin Eggleston.)



A SPANISH DANCER (Painted by Benjamin Eggleston.)

anything may be predicted of any painter, his art is turning to the Grecian and allegorical style, where the imagination can have wider range, unhampered by the prosaic garb of the moderns. He is already ranked among the idealists, though not incapable of realistic or detailed work. Perhaps it would be better to say that he has the gift of imparting to subjects realistically

lifting them far above the level of "faithful transcripts" of nature and life.

Concerning his own work, he is not at all opposed to talking, although modestly preferring to discuss method rather than accomplishment. "What I have painted thus far," he said to me, "is not really a fair showing, because all I have done has been worked out under the most trying conditreated the poetry of his own nature, thus tions. A strong criticism may be honestly

brought to bear upon the paintings of a man who is well equipped with all the facilities that make for good painting. Once a man is thoroughly equipped, after the manner of a successful artist, he should do good work. But with the artist, who is not thus equipped, it narrows down to the best work which can be done under adverse conditions.

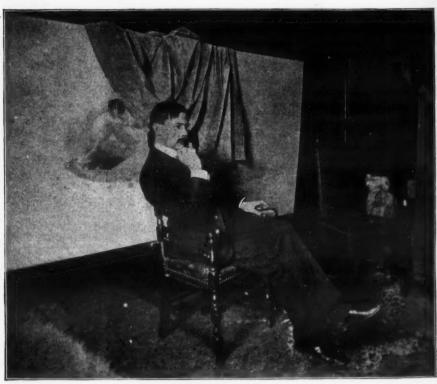
"You will understand better what I mean when I mention a picture by Abbey. Being rich, well furnished with a great studio, an immense wardrobe of historical costumes, and able to hire not one but a dozen or two score models, and clothe them according to his subject in hand—such a man can arrange a spectacle for himself and paint it. There is no question of his doing it well, but he has the advantage over another man of equal talent, who may not have the studio, the costumes or the models to paint from.

"My pictures have all been single figure pictures because I had neither the place, the costumes, nor the models for more elaborate studies. Every artist goes through such a trial in the beginning. So far as my experi-

ence goes, I find that the man who can paint a moderate sized picture or a limited subject well, can paint a larger and more extended subject better. I am speaking of beginners now, and not of those men who began ostentatiously and narrowed down in the end to single figures. Such men have found their limitations, and can only do small things well."

If any of the thousands of newspaper artists could see him lovingly going over a large scrap-book filled with newspaper sketches of 'old settlers'' and ''prominent citizens'' of the time of his journalistic work, it might stir hope within them anew. They are not better drawings of fires and newly arrived actors, of captured criminals and runaway maidens than are to be found any day in our morning papers. As he says, ''most'' anyone can learn to draw accurately and satisfactorily. It is breaking away and capturing the art of color for your ideas that involves the struggle.''

If I were a newspaper artist with painter's ambitions I should retire and consider that.



Portrait of Benjamin Eggleston,



THE FLOWERS.
(Painted by Benjamin Eggleston.)
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ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

#### A NOBLE CAUSE

Anslee's Magazine is honored in being the medium by which Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop makes appeal to the whole people of the United States for interest in the Christ-like labor and charity to which she has consecrated her life. In the article, entitled "The Public of the Poor," on the opposite page, Mrs. Lathrop describes her mission with as much clearness as she exhibits eloquence in praying for assistance towards its consummation. It is to be hoped that her plea will receive the generous response it so thoroughly deserves. A heaven-born genius it was, which enabled Nathaniel Hawthorne to give such a masterpiece as "The Scarlet Letter" to this world of weary, sin-smitten hearts: there should be a higher and holter term for the spirit which animates his daughter to care for that more miserable world of pauper, weak and diseased bodies. — Editor.

## THE PUBLIC OF THE POOR.



HERE is something in onward movement that strikes the mind as sane and healthful, be it the desire of a child to walk upon the earth forward towards the future instead of

being carried about in arms, or be it the desire of a man to progress with an ever growing family towards establishing himself as an ancestor. Arguments could be found for recommending instead of the glad first steps of a child, a discourse to him upon the disappointments of life, to which any steps he may take will certainly lead him, and therefore it would be better for him to sit down and turn to stone-or dust; and there are overwhelming arguments against a man's adding to the overburdened earth's complaint that it cannot support so many human beings, no matter how gay and brave a father feels at the sight of his eldest born. But the mind does not take to the idea of an imbecile child who cannot move, nor to that of an unmanly human being who does not face the battle before him which God has planned, even if he dies weary from the labor of providing (perhaps poorly, in spite of his love) for a large family.

In the same spirit we look at the effort people make through the ages in order to progress in the care of the poor-that public which has no power except to create opportunities for kindness. We recognize that painful rebuffs from chaotic forces in human nature are to strike them on the face and stab them to the heart, and that it would be simpler to kill the poor with arsenic or let them die unnoticed; and that when dead the poor would be as well off as the dead rich—speaking casually. But the subject is not nearly so carnal as many persons desire Take your riches and leave the to make it. poor, if you will, but leave Christ also; take your moderate means and do not meddle with the destitute, but do not reckon upon tenderness at the day of judgment. Those of us who love God and fear the rust of selfishness will still persist in remembering the poor and in fighting the demon of inaction. That there is such an immense number of the poor is not a respectable reason for turning and flying from them. Imagine George Washington flying from a difficulty because

I have always been sorry for the poor, in

which I resemble most people, no doubt; and I have tried all my life to express this pity in some practical usefulness for them (though very little) but quite sincere as far as it went. Having the chance to devote myself to what is called charity, I seized upon it, and chose a field which I saw was neglected in this country (though not in France and England). I chose the field of nursing destitute women suffering from cancer, and kindred diseases.

Having started out on this effort, I became eager to increase my slight capacities by some training for the work; and yet more, by winning to my aims many women better qualified than I was to develop the

charity into noble proportions.

I went to the New York Cancer Hospital for three months of experience in the nursing of the patients and the dressing of the sores. Then I proceeded to the Seventh ward of New York and began studying the situation of poverty afflicted with cancer. papers voluntarily gave voice to my little immediately brought, enterprise, and through the advertisement of my work, as many patients as I could attend to, both in their own homes, and in the pitiful quarters which I had selected among the tenements for my home and dispensary. Some experienced persons had told me that there was almost no cancer to treat. I proved at once that it existed far and wide.

Not only the sick came to me or sent for me, but women desired to aid me by gifts of money and clothing and linen, and their own time and strength for the nursing; and in all my experiences from the first moment there has existed a splendid cordiality which told me that charity for the destitute sick in. America was a force ready to burst forth into magnificent bloom, when the right methods were used to win it into outer air. The sun of justice, so to call a turning of our best intelligence toward the condition of the sick poor; and the rain of pity, so to call the personal devotion of many really noble women who would work (work themselves, and not by proxy) among the poor -these fair and sane methods of bringing on the distribution of generosity would, as it seemed to me, be the first factors for my beloved enterprise, to carry it to a success that could not die.

I wanted a hospital capable of holding three hundred free patients-yes, I wanted ten of them, in and near New York. The wretchedly ignoble complacency of establishing one hospital, however handsome, for a hundred patients, while thousands were unhoused, never for a moment presented itself to me as a trait of the public generosity; and I knew that what Americans chose to do they were in the habit of doing thoroughly when acting as a body of constructors. Individuals, even if American, may become strangely unobservant of large facts, or be wholly blinded by business-like brutality; but the better element of the citizens who really form the country and are working at the sails of the ship of state, all together with a will, these take up a widely felt need, and can make her course stately enough. If I could by persistent talk and bustle induce the public to give me one great, simple hospital, devoid of a pay-bed but full of free ones, I was positive that the charity I served would flourish, and other hospitals spring up for the incurable sick poor, until in the course of some years no abandoned creature would languish unattended in a squalid tenement.

Not that I advocate no sick-rooms in private homes—even if they are private attics. If the poor wish to die at home they should be allowed to do so, unless their families are too much hampered by their presence. First of all those who work in charity should consider the wishes of the poor sick, and leave their wise adages about the superior excellence of hospital care to a secondary place in their reflections. The worker among the poor should make up his mind to treat the poor as respectfully as he would the rich, and to consider the wishes of the destitute with far more gentleness than he would consider those of a person whose wishes are usually granted. The poor invalid has feasted upon humiliations and denials all his life; let a generous worker give him a change of fare! We must hold as sacred the desire, if it is deep, of a poor creature to remain in her little room and broken bed. beside her smoky stove and dim lamp. Even if we have left our own homes forever for the work we have taken up; even if we know the sad desecration that can come to the home; still we know that there is no place like home, though it be so humble that we cannot easily follow the imagination which sees something to love in it. Never force a sick pauper to go from her attic to a hospital, but bring charity to her where she lies. The advantage to the nurse is beyond words; but it may be said that in going to the poor as they exist in penury and the ab-

sence of all ease, instead of fetching them out with hardly a glance from our eyes at their usual condition, the nurse will learn by many a repetition and touching fact the reasons why it is disgraceful to neglect the poor sick, the reasons for giving the bestpersonal attention to them daily, and the reasons for having a great army of women devoted to this order of charity, instead of the handful of laborers who now venture here and there (and only temporarily) into the difficult situation. It is of the greatest importance that in every quarter of the city women should make an effort to attend to all the destitute sick of that district. What, then, would be their delight, if upon finding a case of incurable cancer, or some kindred disease not easy to nurse, and very painful to the sufferer, they should be able to say: "Nothing stands in the way of our sending this patient to a non-paying bed in a cheerful home, or asking a gentle and competent nurse to come to her, in this tenement." Now, what is said is this: "If she cannot be operated upon, no hospital will receive her, except the city hospital for paupers on the Island, to which she will object to go as strenuously as if she were rich, and in the same predicament of cancer. The dozen or so free beds provided for the poor, at the only hospital where cancer is adequately attended, are usually occupied, and non-operable cases are never received, unless as great exceptions. There are a few women, who are nuns, who visit the most desperate cases, but they are too busy with those on hand, as a rule, to visit any more."

That this is true I testify from the experience of a year and a half of observation, upon the spot. I never supposed, until I could not help it from demonstration, that public neglect could go so far in regard to any great need. It is the indifference of women in the districts which makes the dreadful total of immense unkindness. Let every woman at all able to sacrifice her personal ease and enjoyments to the cause of aiding sick women who have no care, tremble at her insecurity in regard to the approval of God. The divine reproach echoes towards her-it will sound clear and heart-breaking at the last moment of her hope. She was making pretty articles for gifts and for the decoration of her room or doing some other nice but unnecessary work, while an agonized woman not far away was shivering on her sick bed because no one had given her fuel; she was dancing, or listening to the strains of a beautiful orchestra, and to the tones of a singer's voice, while swords of cancer pain were wringing cries of anguish from a sister who had no hand to dress her

wound, no salves provided to relieve her. and no visitor in many months from the great, healthy, happy world; not even from the generous, sorrowing world of hearts that can pity and help, but have not turned their thoughts to the incurable poor with a great tidal wave of concerted effort.

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My small beginning, in this especial direction which I chose, has had the success of gaining for itself the aid of three persons who have undertaken it for life (as I do) and are desirous of living close to the poor, as nearly in their own state as reason will admit-which I think is very near indeed. When people apply to you for bread to keep them from starving, it does not seem extreme to go without cake yourself; and when children and women have no shoes in cold weather, it does not seem fanatical to wear shabby clothes, for the sake of calling into existence a few pairs of boots. At any rate, we four women are quite of one mind about self-denials for our endeavor, and we are happier in our work than in any other occupa-This is a most encouraging prelude to what we hope will be a grouping together of many women-the braver and brighter they are the better.

I have six patients with us in our small home; cases that are very pathetic in their need and dire misery of sickness. So far, I have not been obliged to refuse to aid with some care a single cancer case, and have not sent away a single applicant for admission to my home, except such as was not a case of cancer or tumor, or was not a case of

destitution, though diseased.

At last this dreaded moment of refusal must come, unless the public decides to give me a hospital of size proportionate to the demand of the poor-that eloquent demand which appeals best of all-silence and suffering. We who have been witnesses of the appeal so often, long to draw the cancerous sick into a fitting haven. Ulcerous and skin affections, hip-disease and such disorders in children, would also be received, and a floor in the hospital I plan to erect would be devoted to each.

I have quite a flattering number of visitors who wish to see what I am about, and I am rejoiced to find that all approve of my undertaking, except one or two persons who, I should judge from certain indications, never have believed in anything. Every one else thinks the charity so necessary, and the way in which even our informal beginning has been made, so simply useful, that they are greatly moved, and pray for its growth and emancipation from nar-My hope is to bring the need row limits. into the light and before the public so constantly and thoroughly that a dignified development will be hastened and a permanent When the charity exlife for it ensured. ists in several large hospital wards, instead of three crowded rooms, it can well demonthe virtue it possesses. strate Americans may own, as the French and English do, hospitals for the incurable cancer-patients, not only in New York, but in a few years, everywhere. This charity has waited long for recognition; it has begun quite solidly in one quarter of our country; I trust it will be cherished into lofty strength from a little seed in many cities. Certainly it would be wise to give a good chance to an effort made with all the enthusiasm four women possess, whose number, as there is every reason to expect, will be rapidly augmented, and always by such hearts as choose to consecrate themselves to God's service in the work for life. Such hearts, whatever their creed (but they must have some faith, or long for it), are welcome to us as nurses. And as for the patients, our only questions will be: 'Are they desperately ill, and are they destitute?"

I ask that women, who are capable of giving up whatever is sweet in personal freedom or delicious in physical ease, should think seriously of adding themselves to this group of werkers for other women who are beyond the possibility of working for themselves, and thus set the tide of public mercy towards the destitute poor of whom I have been speaking. I ask, also, that the public will aid us by donations, however small, continuing faithfully (as often as this is possible) to keep alive daily, and enlarge nobly,

the relief our charity can bring.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

668 Water street, New York.



### A DEAL IN REAL ESTATE.\*

#### WILFRID GALT.



HERE are several ways to rob a man besides picking his pocket, or purloining his umbrella on a rainy day. For instance, there is real estate.

Ever since the waters abated and dry land appeared, somebody has been trying to con-

trol more than his share of it.

Bradley & Cresswell dealt in real estate. At the start neither of them had any money, nor enough land to be decently buried in. But "Jim" Bradley knew the tricks of the trade by experience, and Nathan Cresswell by instinct. It was said that the latter could go to sleep any night and dream out a real estate deal before morning. And he was only a young man-a beginner in the business.

Behold the two young men sitting in their office, for which they owed four months'

rent. Bradley has just come in.

"Who's that old fellow that just went out of here?" he inquires, as soon as he is

seated.

"A distant relative of mine," replies Cresswell, who seems to be hypnotized by the intensity of his own thought upon some weighty problem.

"Where did you find him?" asks his

partner.

"He found me," is the reply. "Look here, Jim; I believe Providence has sent him, and I'm just trying to figure out what to do with him.'

"Work him for all he is worth," rejoins Bradley, promptly. "Has he got any

money?'

Money was the article which Bradley & Cresswell wanted most particularly at that

They had secured control of a big piece of real estate by a process which is known as buying the contracts. It need not be explained here further than by saying that it consists in getting hold of legal agreements to sell. This may often be done by a cash payment that is very small compared to the value of the land.

In this instance Bradley & Cresswell had given four thousand dollars, and they controlled the sale of land worth a quarter of a million. But another cash payment-twenty thousand dollars this time-was due very shortly, and they had not the money to meet it.

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They had not supposed that they would ever be called upon to do so. Their scheme of business was to turn over the contracts to somebody else, for a good-sized profit, before the second payment came due.

In this particular deal they had made a mistake in the property. It was not nearly so easy as they thought it would be to get

a capitalist interested in the land.

If they failed to meet the payment of twenty thousand dollars, they would lose what they had invested. The holders of the land would not grant them an hour's extra time, and though they might retain their grip a little while, by means of legal trickery, they vastly preferred to find a purchaser for their contracts who would take the payment off their hands.

Cresswell did not respond immediately to his partner's question about the money.

Instead, he began to tell the whole story of the incident which had set him thinking. "That old fellow," he said, referring, of

course, to his late visitor, "came in here about an hour ago, and asked for me. I let

him in.

"He apologized for intruding upon me in business hours with a matter which had nothing to do with business. Then he introduced himself as Nathan Cresswell."

"Your own name?"

"Yes; here's his card."

He handed Bradley a handsomely engraved business card, from which it appeared that Nathan Cresswell was a lawyer, with an office on Wall street.

"After giving me his name," Cresswell continued, "he told me that he was looking up our family. He's going to publish a little book about the Cresswells."

"The less that's published about you, Nate," said Bradley, "the more likely you are to keep out of jail."

"Thanks, dear boy; the same to yourself. But to continue. He asked me no end of questions about my branch of the family. He's got us down fine, I'll swear. He's traced the Cresswells back to some rascal or

other who lived in the reign of some king

that I never heard of.

"To tell the truth, I didn't pay much attention to that part of it, for I was thinking all the time the best way to use the fellow. You see, in the beginning of our talk, he said something about my being in the real estate business, and spoke of certain land that he held. He didn't seem to know or care much about the present value of it, but he said it was a good investment for one who could afford to wait.

"Now, unless he was lying, he's a mighty rich man, and just the sort we want to take

this deal off our hands."

"Did you say anything to him about it?"
"I went as far as I dared. Of course I didn't want to jump at once. But he responded favorably to my hints, and said that he would come and see me when he gets back from Chicago. He leaves for that city this afternoon."

Bradley smoked for a minute in silence.

"I believe in luck," said he, at last. "It looks to me as if that fellow was sent right here. Now the question is—supposing we find he's got as much money as he seems to have—shall we pigeon him down on this deal, or save him for something bigger? You know if we let him in this time, that settles him. The man who takes hold of this thing is going to get stuck, and stuck badly. We never can do anything with him afterward, and he'll put you in his family book as the biggest rascal the Cresswells ever produced."

Cresswell knitted his brows and stared

down at the floor.

"Let's leave that question till we find

out more about him," he said.

The next day Cresswell looked up his relative. He called at the office on Wall street, where he saw James Cresswell, son of the old lawyer, and was by him informed that his father had actually started for Chicago on the previous day.

The real estate man pretended to have called with reference to the family history. He had remembered certain facts which

might be of interest.

James Cresswell said that his father would be greatly obliged for them; and the visitor made a memorandum of certain bogus in-

formation about the family.

A few inquiries along the Street showed Nathan Cresswell that the elder of that name was not only rich, but a man who always had ready money—which is quite a different matter, for there are millionaires in New York who cannot pay their butchers' bills.

Having brought his investigation to this

highly satisfactory conclusion, the real estate operator returned to his office and reported to his partner.

They waited with considerable impatience for the return of the family historian to New York. Meanwhile they devised an elaborate scheme for deceiving him in regard to the value of the property in which he was to invest.

Their conduct was certainly criminal, but it was so cunning that a master of detection would have been required to see through their schemes, and right their victim's wrong. It made no difference to them that old Nathan Cresswell was a man whom all who knew him loved and reverenced. His money was as good as another man's, and they were after it.

But it looked as if he might escape them by prolonging his stay in Chicago beyond the time when that payment was due. They determined in that case, to meet it if possible, for their plans were so well laid that they expected to draw the lawyer into the investment in such a way as to pay them-

selves a large profit.

By superhuman effort, they had raised seventeen thousand dollars, when their anxiety was relieved by the return of their venerable victim. He walked into the office one afternoon, and thanked his namesake most kindly for the lying memoranda that had been left by him on the occasion of his visit to Wall street.

Then young Nathan Cresswell arose, and to use his own phrase, jumped on the neck of Nathan the elder. He told lies by the hundred, and produced documents to prove them. Few men can claim superiority to him in this line of business, and he had

never done a better job.

When he finally permitted his visitor to get away, the deal was a certainty, and nothing, it seemed, but an absolute miracle could save the old lawyer's money. There was a time on the following day, when the real estate man thought that that miracle had come to pass.

He was to meet the lawyer in a little building which had been erected on the land involved in the deal. It was on the

outskirts of Brooklyn.

The hour named was ten o'clock. At half-past ten old Nathan Cresswell had not appeared. Young Nathan began to be uneasy. The payment of twenty thousand dollars had to be made on that day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, or the original owners would get back their land, and Bradley & Cresswell would be losers.

The two partners had decided that, if anything delayed the purchase by the lawyer,

they would put up their seventeen thousand dollars, and pay the balance in a check, which they would have to make good at the bank on the following day. It was a desperate game, but they expected to get their money back, and a good deal more, out of their victim.

The money was in the safe at the city office where Bradley was to wait. There was a telephone in the little building on the land, so that Cresswell could communicate with his partner in case the money should be needed; but he had little fear of

that

A little after half-past ten the old lawyer appeared. He was in an open carriage, and

had a liveried servant as driver.

As soon as the carriage came in sight the real estate man saw that something had happened. One of the shafts was broken, and had been mended with cord. The horse—a fine, spirited animal—had evidently had a fall, but he seemed not to be much hurt.

The most serious damage had been sustained by old Nathan Cresswell, whose right arm was in a sling, while the hand was rudely bandaged with handkerchiefs that

were reddened with blood.

But the old fellow was game, and made

light of his injuries.

"The horse ran away," he said to young Cresswell. "I got scared and jumped. Very foolish trick. If I'd stuck to the carriage I'd have escaped unhurt. As it was, I got a fall. No bones broken, though. I went into a drugstore and got patched up. The druggist told me to go home; but as I knew this business was of a good deal of importance to you, I kept right on."

The real estate man could not find words strong enough to express his admiration for such pluck in a man of Nathan Cresswell's

age. The latter laughed it off.

"Now to business," he said. "I'm satisfied with the terms, and with the land. Since I saw you last, I've investigated a bit, and the result has pleased me. Now, as I understand the position, I am to pay you to-day twenty thousand dollars, to cover your first cash deposit."

Young Cresswell had lied about the size

of that, of course.

"Then on the tenth," continued old Cresswell, "I am to pay twenty thousand dollars more. These sums are to secure me the contracts which you hold, and the entire control of the land."

"Exactly," said young Cresswell, rubbing his hands. "The documents are ready."

"I have here," continued the lawyer, producing a pocketbook, "five thousand dollars in cash, and a certified check for fifteen thousand. Here is the money; but

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where's the check?"

He laid down the pocketbook, and examined the pocket from which he had taken it. The check was not there. The most exhaustive search failed to reveal it. The explanation was obvious; Mr. Cresswell had lost it at the time of his accident.

"This is most unfortunate," said the lawyer. "Of course, I can have payment stopped at the bank; and, by the way, perhaps I'd better telephone from here."

He went to the instrument and tried to call up the central office. There was some trouble about it. While he was trying, young Cresswell suggested that perhaps the check could be found on the spot where the accident had occurred.

"It may be worth trying," said the lawyer; and he directed his coachman to drive

back.

While he was gone, both the men tried to secure connection with the central telephone station, but the instrument was broken, or the wire was down.

They finally gave it up.

Then the coachman returned, and reported that he had found no trace of the check.

"I think we shall have to put it off until

to-morrow," said the lawyer.

This made young Cresswell feel as if the earth had gone out from under his feet. It was impossible for him to postpone the payment, and, as the reader knows, he and his partner were three thousand dollars short.

In his desperate emergency, the real estate man decided to violate his principles, and tell the truth, or at least a part of it. He let the lawyer understand that the case

admitted of no delay.

"I'll tell you what I can do," said the lawyer; "I can send a note to my son, and he will get the money. My coachman can carry the note. But, come to think of it, I can't write it."

He glanced ruefully at his wounded hand. "You might write it after me," he said; and no sooner were the words out of his mouth than young Nathan Cresswell had paper, pen, and ink ready.

"Dear Jim," the old man dictated, "send me fifteen thousand dollars in bills, by the bearer. Don't lose any time. I must have the money sure by two o'clock.

" Nathan Cresswell."

"P. S.—I want you to be sure to be in the office at two o'clock. C. may call."

This note was hurriedly dispatched by the coachman, who was to drive to the nearest elevated station; send the carriage back, if he could find anybody whom he could trust to take it; and if not, he was to hire a messenger boy to look out for it, and

make the best time that he could.

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The two Cresswells remained in conversation concerning the business in hand. Presently the horse was driven back by a man whom the coachman had secured; and a little later the two men got into the carriage and went away to the nearest place where lunch could be had.

From the restaurant they drove to the elevated station, where the coachman would get out on his way back from the city. Young Mr. Cresswell went up on the platform, that he might make more sure of meeting the coachman, who, in the event of any mistake, would have found it difficult to get out to the place where the land was located.

Young Cresswell remained on the platform fifteen or twenty minutes, and then he descended, for the purpose of saying something to the lawyer. He was not there. But

there was a boy, who said:

"He told me to tell you that he had driven around the corner to a doctor's house, to have his hand looked at. I mean the old gentleman. You're looking for him, aren't you?"

Cresswell admitted that he was, and he returned to the platform. Neither the coachman nor the venerable lawyer appeared. At the end of half an hour young Cresswell was in a state of mind bordering on lunacy. He had begun to send messengers to the houses of various doctors in the neighborhood. They brought him no information.

Then he got hold of a telephone, and called up the office of Lawyer Cresswell, on Wall street. After a conversation confused by misunderstandings on both sides, he made out that the coachman had not appeared at the office. By this time he was in a cold perspiration. He called up his own office, and Jim Bradley responded.

"There's some kind of a mix-up over here," telephoned Cresswell. "I guess it's all right, but you'd better come over and

bring the money."

"Money!" yelled Bradley, over the 'phone; "I've sent it by your messenger!"

What Cresswell said will have to go unrecorded. He managed to make his partner understand that they had been robbed, and that the police must be notified. Then he got aboard an elevated train, and hurried over to New York.

Over and over again, as he rode, he cursed himself for the childish folly which had cost him so dear. The trick was so perfectly simple that he had failed to see it, as one will sometimes overlook the most obvious things simply because they are too obvious.

"Dear Jim"—of course he had never thought of anybody but Lawyer Cresswell's son James. It had not occurred to him that his partner's name was Jim. He had not even given a moment's consideration to the fact that when he signed "Nathan Cresswell" for the swindler who had duped him, he had signed his own name. Jim Bradley, receiving that note on the paper of the firm, and in the handwriting of his partner, had no ground for suspicion. It was the most natural thing in the world that Cresswell should send for the money.

Of course, the postscript, shrewdly added, had prevented Bradley from bringing the money over himself. He had supposed that the "C" referred to old Cresswell. He had no reason to suspect the messenger, whom he recognized as old Cresswell's coachman.

All these facts were patent to the dupe, and he had no need of asking any questions of Bradley when they met. Two angrier men were never seen together. There is nothing so aggravating as being duped by one who was supposed to be playing the part of the victim.

It was a mere matter of form to communicate with the office of Lawyer Cresswell, and obtain positive proof that the person who had assumed his name was not he.

"We must catch those two fellows right away, or we are ruined," said Cresswell. "I've been a monkey, and I confess it; so don't waste time telling me so. For Heaven's sake! let's pull together. We're in a hard

place."

It didn't need any argument to convince Bradley of that. He had already reported the case to Police Headquarters by telephone, but as yet no officer had been sent. He called up again, and was informed, to his great satisfaction, that Harrison Keith had been at headquarters since the case was reported, and had signified his willingness to look it up.

The great detective appeared presently in the office of Bradley & Cresswell. The junior partner felt like a little schoolböy with a fool's cap on his head, but he faced the music, and told his story briefly and

clearly.

Keith saw at a glance that the swindle had succeeded because Cresswell had been so intent upon his own crookedness. But he made no comment on the morals of the case. He merely said:

"It is lucky for you that I happened to be at headquarters this afternoon. I do not mean to imply that any other officer would have been less competent, but I happen to have a bit of special information that will help us very materially. I am perfectly certain as to the identity of the swindler. He is Clarence White—or, at least, that is one of his names—and he has been out of prison only about two months. He is a clever allaround crook of the higher order. Everything that he does shows the stamp of originality. I not only recognize him from description, but from his method; and here is the point: I know where he lives.

"You come with me, Mr. Cresswell, while Mr. Bradley stays here. I think there is a chance that we shall find White at home.

We may catch them both.

"I am puzzled as to the identity of the supposed coachman. His description does not fit any pal of White's. It must be some new man that he has picked up since he got out of prison. This is unfortunate, for the unknown man has the money, and they may keep separate for days or weeks. And it's the money that you want, even more than you want revenge."

The house to which Keith led Cresswell was on the west side. It was a fairly good

flat house in a tenement district.

They entered, by means of Keith's skill, without the formality of ringing a bell, and proceeded to the third floor, where Keith picked another lock, and opened a door which admitted them to the rear of a flat.

It was only partially furnished. There were some cooking utensils in the kitchen, but the middle rooms were bare. They walked cautiously toward the front. After listening at a door, Keith pushed it open, and looked into a room which should have been the parlor of the flat. It was furnished like a bedroom, somewhat roughly. There was a desk for writing, and a dressing-table, upon which Keith detected some materials that might be useful in the arts of disguise.

Before they could enter the room, there was a noise at a door which communicated with the main hall of the house. Keith pushed Cresswell back, and followed him just in time to escape the observation of

White, who entered hurriedly.

After listening a moment, Keith took out a little instrument, and made two peep-holes in the door which separated them from the room in which White was.

Cresswell applied his eye to one of the

holes, and Keith to the other.

White had removed the old man's disguise which he had used when personating Lawyer Cresswell. He was seen to be a man of middle age; and it was wonderful to note how the benign aspect of the old lawyer had vanished, and the hard face of the professional thief had appeared.

White sat down at the desk and dashed off a brief note. He put it into an envelope, and was about to address it when there was a peculiar knock on the hall door.

Immediately a woman's voice was heard

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"Clarence! Clarence!"

The thief jumped up and admitted her. She was not a very agreeable woman to look at, but there was a certain aspect of earnestness and of fidelity that illuminated her

rough countenance.

"Clarence, you'll have to get," she said.
"There's a fly cop hanging around in the street. You've been up to something; z don't know what. But this fellow is after you. Sneak out the back way, and good luck to you. Remember who's always your friend, and will stand by you or help you in any pinch. Good-by."

She kissed the rascal, and in another moment had vanished by the way in which she had come. White, with a word of thanks to her, had thrust the letter into his pocket. He hurried out by the back way, passing so close to Keith and Cresswell—who stood behind the door of a wardrobe—that they

might have touched him.

Indeed, one of them did; for Keith, with incredible dexterity, reached out and removed the letter from the fellow's pocket. White was so intent upon getting away that he did not notice this sleight-of-hand trick.

White went out of the back window of the flat, where a fire-escape gave access to the

roof

Keith walked into the parlor and took the letter out of the envelope. It ran thus:

"Dear Bob:—Keep dark. Don't try to communicate with me. Hang on to the stuff and keep out of sight. Don't use any of the money till this affair blows over. We can afford to wait. It was a good haul. I'm patting myself on the back. I'm a slick citizen, You're another. Don't make any mistake now. Lie low. Yours, C. W."

There was no trace of an address, or any clue to "Bob's" whereabouts.

"Not much information there," growled Cresswell, who had been looking over Keith's shoulder.

"There's the name," said the detective.
"It's only Bob, to be sure, but it will be a
mighty important fact when we have the
man.

"And now, Mr. Cresswell, I have an errand for you. Run down and connect with

the 'fly cop' the girl spoke of."

He led Cresswell to the window and pointed out the officer on the other side of the street. "Tell him not to leave here till he gets word from me," continued Keith. "Then go back to your office. You may hear from me later to-day, or perhaps to-morrow."

"If you want to save my life," said Cresswell, "the way to do it is to get that money. If we can possibly get it to-morrow, I think I can pull through. If you don't, I'm a tremendous big loser, for not only will the deal I'm in fail, but I shall have to bankrupt myself to raise ready money."

"I'll do my best," said Keith. "Now

hustle."

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He had provided Cresswell with a disguise when they had left the real estate office, in order that White might not recognize him

Cresswell slipped out of the flat after Keith had made sure that the woman who had

warned White was not watching.

The detective remained in the flat about half an hour. Then he joined the officer on the sidewalk, and sent him upon an errand.

Cresswell sat in his office till midnight, hoping to get word from Keith. Just as he had made up his mind to go home and try

to sleep, a message came.

It was delivered by Keith's young assistant, Calder, and it directed Cresswell to go at once to a disreputable saloon in the vicinity of the Bowery, where in a back room he would find the detective.

The real estate man complied; and, to his astonishment, he found not only Keith, but

White and the 'fly cop.'

White was undergoing cross-examination, which he bore well. He simply denied everything.

It appeared that he was in custody of the officer, who had a hand upon a revolver in the side pocket of his coat most of the time.

The room contained no other occupants, for Keith had paid at the bar for its exclu-

sive use

Understanding that such was the case, Cresswell was greatly surprised when the door was suddenly opened and a tough-looking young man entered.

His surprise was even greater when he recognized the coachman who had figured in

the robbery.

"Bob," said Keith, presenting a revolver,

"you are under arrest!"

Bob dropped into a chair, after darting a searching glance at White. But, according to the custom of criminals, the two pretended not to know each other.

"You know. Produce the money."

White grinned. He had confidence in the agreement between himself and his pal, that the money should remain hidden.

"What are you talking about?" cried Bob. "I don't know anything about any money."

For answer, Keith grabbed the fellow, and searched him in a jiffy. The money was in the inside breast-pocket of his waist-coat.

Cresswell grabbed it as a hungry man seizes food.

Bob glared at White.

"You led me into this trap," he growled, with a curse. "I supposed you were straight. I didn't think you'd betray a pal."

"I betray you!" yelled White. "What do you mean, you idiot? Didn't I write to you telling you to lie low? What were you doing in a place like this, with that money

in your pocket?"

"You wrote me to lie low!" exclaimed Bob. "Well, I guess not. Here's what you wrote me. I don't propose to get left, my man; and if there's any deal with the police for giving up evidence, I'm going to be in it. Here's this fellow's letter."

He handed it to Keith. White reached out and grabbed it, and Keith made no attempt

to stop him.

This is what White read, in a very excellent imitation of his own hand:

"Dear Bob—Meet me in the back room of Morowitz's saloon at one o'clock. Be sure to bring the stuff. We must get out in a hurry, and we'll need it. Yours, C. W."

"I never wrote that!" cried White. "It's

a forgery!"

"Yes," said Keith, "and I'm the forger. I thought that as long as bogus letters were the fashion, I'd fall in with it. When I got your note to Bob, I said to myself that you'd think you'd dropped it in the flat, and would come back for it in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the police. So I wrote my bogus letter; put it in one of your envelopes; and dropped it on the floor in the kitchen, where you found it when you came back an hour later.

"I knew you would address the envelope, and save me the trouble of looking up Bob. Meanwhile I had you shadowed by this man who at last arrested you and brought you

here to meet your pal.

"So we have you both, and the money, too. I congratulate you, Mr. Cresswell, on recovering this ill-gotten wealth, and I only wish there was a chance that you would use it honestly. I'm afraid, however, that that is too much to hope for. In my opinion, you are at least as big a rascal as either of these fellows, and as richly deserve punishment.

## IN DAYS OF OLD.\*

BY

#### THEODORE MILLER.

PON that spot there now towers a great edifice within whose walls men grow gray in the struggle for pelf. In the days of Nieuw Amsterdam, Ehrhardt quaint cottage was there, backed by his cooperage, and both nestled in the heart of a rich yielding orchard. Ehrhardt was a man who feared God and labored with diligence at his trade. His friends were few, that he might know them well. His house was lonely but tranquil, save for the occasional crooning of an ancient love song in the cracked voice of old Bertha, his countrywoman and housekeeper. In the cooperage his mighty arm beat the glorious music of healthy labor from the rise till the set of the sun. Many were they who bought his tuns and kegs and vats; and they were all shrift debtors, for as Ehrhardt was just, so was he severe.

He was now only twenty-five, tho' he had the poise of a man who has weathered life's tempests for three score of years. Certain sad and mysterious doings surrounding his birth and family had cast a shadow on his youth and had incited him at eighteen to forsake the fatherland and hie to the newly adopted country of his people. During seven toilsome years he had sweated unceasingly to build a name and position in Nieuw Amsterdam, on the outskirts of which modest village he had settled. His work was well turned, so the tradespeople came to patronize and value him, thus filling his strong box with good gold. His conduct was exemplary, so the neighbors learned to respect him. His shape was goodly to look upon, his eye a soft and honest brown, his hair straight and almost black, his whole cast of feature resolute yet kind. Many a tender Dutch maiden of the parish would have been fain to be his vrouw, to take up with him in his cosy home, to sit beside him in the pew of Sundays, where they all stole shameless glances at him while the pulpit fulminated.

Ehrhardt mingled little with the world; therefore their chances to ensnare him were slight. Only the Widow Vooker did he visit, and her every day after he had eaten his frugal evening repast. The widow was relict of an outcast of a husband, the pariah of the parish, whose sudden death in an inn brawl, had found her in penury and disease. She had none to tend her save Hildegarde, her daughter, a pretty, pale, neglected maiden of some twelve years. Ehrhardt ordered Bertha to care for her during the day and summoned the physician to attend her. But the unhappy woman's woes were soon ended by death and Ehrhardt gave decent interment to her remains to the scandal of the parish.

The piqued and disappointed damsels who had fostered some hope of winning Ehrhardt's notice called him a dotard now and wondered when the banns should be proclaimed for his marriage to his decrepit housekeeper. One of these malcontents, an especially comely hussy, whose father was Ehrhardt's largest purchaser, had scattered her reflections so perseveringly that they at

last reached the cooper's ears.

He was sitting at his door porch, tranquilly sending puffs of smoke from his long pipe to make adieu to the sun dropping in slow glory behind the mountains of Jersey. Friedrich, the parish gossip, and a harmless oaf, had partaken of Ehrhardt's evening ale. He bethought himself that so toothsome a draught invited an excellent tittle of news. He therefore narrated the gabble of the chagrined damsel, embroidering it, it may be believed, with a fretwork of his own fertile fancy.

"Tis she prattles thus," drawled Ehrhardt, not stirring a jot of his natural calm. "Bid her fret no more. As well as I know I am simply her father's stave binder. So his tuns be well knit that they leak not and deluge her clean cellar she hath no cause for fault with me. And if they do, I look for her father's not her tongue to lash me."

"Justly said, Master Ehrhardt," commented the gossip somewhat abashed.

"'Stay," continued the cooper, as he observed the other slinking off, "if you would carry new tattle to her, let her know that I have adopted poor Mistress Vooker's child Hildegarde, and that my home is henceforth hers."



Friedrich babbled for a quarter of an hour.

Friedrich hastened away with these tidings; but how he communicated them is unknown. From that time onward, however, Ehrhardt was little slandered. He reared the widow's daughter watchfully, and the people began to admire him for the care and expense he bestowed upon the orphan's upbringing, especially when it was bruited in the parish that he had hired for her an English tutor.

"No father could be more anxious and tender," became the watchword at their teaparties, whenever Ehrhardt's Samaritan act

was mentioned.

"Mayhap they speak the truth by a strange slip of their arrant tongues," said Ehrhardt quietly, when Friedrich conveyed these comments to him, hoping as the gossip was favorable, it would procure for him an extra

mug of ale.

But Ehrhardt sank into abstraction after his laconic speech, staring at the little rose arbor in which Hildegarde and her tutor, Herbert Ferne, sat of balmy aftrenoons poring over their books. Friedrich babbled for a quarter of an hour, when suddenly discovering that the cooper was dreaming, he stood up and shambled away toward the inn, thirsty and disgruntled.

In this uneventful manner day followed day, Ehrhardt ever busy at his staves, piling up the shining gold, which he was hoarding for the supreme ambition of his life. Hildegarde waxed from pretty childhood into charming maidhood, profiting ever by the sound instruction of Herbert Ferne, a tall, thin, pale blond lad, whom study and straits had rendered prematurely sober and aged. He had been highly bespoken to Ehrhardt and had justified every expectation. He had labored with all pains to make of the simple cooper's ward a polished and gentle woman. Mistreated as her early years had been. Hildegarde's natural talent for learning and refinement had ably seconded his efforts. Herbert Ferne guided

her with a sympathy and knowledge that was inferior only to Ehrhardt's adoration of the budding woman. He had watched over her as the days of her girlhood faded before the brilliance of her adolescence, and his interest in her grew ever more firm. Now also did the cooper appear to guard her the more closely, sitting at her side as she gave her lessons to Ferne, and the tutor began to look forward with regret to the day when he should have to quit his pretty charge.

Then came the drowsy afternoons of sum-While Ehrhardt still swung his hammer with might and main, the pupil and tutor found their books dull. The lanes and fields opened so much more charming a prospect. At first it was Hildegarde who snapped the thread of their discourse by marking a pair of birds building a nest with much wing-fluttering above their heads. Ferne forthwith explained the composition of birds' nests in general, on which subject, as on all to be learned from books, his familiarity seemed unbounded. He likened the little love-makers to men and women in the end. Hildegarde blushed deeply and her tutor was suddenly dumb.

"Let us go down by the brook," she mur-

mured a moment later, "where the breeze blows fresher."

Ferne arose and followed her, not knowing how to speak again or how to account for the conflict of feelings that made his heart throb.

"Dost remember our first lesson here?" asked Hildegarde, when they had seated themselves on the bench, which the ever mindful Ehrhardt had built for her under a great willow.

"It was a long while ago," answered

Ferne absently.

"I was afraid of thee in those days."

"Afraid? Why? Was I so terrible?"
"Nay. But thou wert my tutor and I had never had one before. We were always so poor. I felt stupid and ashamed before

thee."
"How the years alter things," murmured
Ferne, gazing far across the waving fields to
where the broad sun was gilding the flowing
Hudson.

"Is that a problem?" she queried.

Ferne started, looked at his pupil in a bewildered way and then made answer:

"Nay, Hildegarde. 'Tis a truth as plain as yonder meadow. I was thinking of the changes years bring upon people as well as places. Hark, these fields may one day be the park of a royal residence and a king and queen with courtiers may ramble here as do They will be attired in stately robes and wear powdered hair, but still they will be just as we are in heart. They will shave all these hills into lawns and fill the park with fountains and beds of flowers; and the woods with tender-eved deer and the trees with sweet singing birds from all lands. A castle will stand majestic on the site of good Master Ehrhardt's cottage, and instead of his cheery voice and the ring of his mighty hammer, there will be the murmur of harpsichords, the tinkle of lutes and the low sighing of love songs. But I have told thee that the heart of all these people will be as ours, they will meet and part-

Ferne stopped abruptly in the vivid picturings of his fancy, for he found himself holding Hildegarde's little hand in a close clasp. He marveled she did not draw it back, and looking down into her face he found it red with warmth, and in each blue eye lay

pearled a tear.

"What a beautiful story. Where hast thou read it?" she asked, lowering her head to let fall her tears, as she thought unnoticed.

He raised her flaxen head and answered, "in thine eyes, dear Hildegarde."

He felt the pulse leap in the hand he held. He bent down and kissed the back of her fingers. "Oh, we must go home," she stammered in confusion.

"Tarry a moment, Hildegarde."

"Not now. Not now. Look, there stands Bertha at the porch, shading her eyes with her hand. "She is seeking us for supper."

This was the prelude to many such sweet conversations, in which the tutor turned ardent wooer and the pupil became queen. They ever began at the same distant point and progressed not beyond the dear vaporings of courtship. But the lessons before bedtime were lengthened, because Ehrhardt had one day whispered to Ferne that he felt how little was his own knowledge of books. He promised the tutor double fee if he would pay an especial and yet disguised attention to the guardian's education while apparently engrossed in that of the ward. The damsel soon discovered Ferne repeating what he had long since taught her and she said within her heart:

"Love makes him forget!"

Soon the cooper, animated by the same dogged will that had yielded him wealth in his trade, persuaded Ferne to continue his lessons after the women of the household had retired. The college-bred man, to whom all study came so easily, admired the straining of this man of might to seize the simplest points which were to him as subtle as metaphysics. He too labored with all care, for Ehrhardt's sake, but more perhaps for love of Hildegarde.

"He will be grateful to me and will be glad to have me wed her," thought Ferne, with a pang of compunction for such self-in-

terest

These long nights of mental toil drew the men closer to each other. The Englishman preserved his native reserve on all personal matters; but the good cooper in his reverence for the other's intellect began to confide those secrets of his life, of which he had hitherto never disburdened himself. Thus it was that he told him of the cloud on his youth, the moiling of early manhood with no ambition save the gathering of gold and the achievement of a fair repute, until the moment when God cast this friendless girl into his hands.

"I made the resolve to work thereafter only for her," Ehrhardt went on tremulously. "I would rear her with more care than a father does his child, treat her as a woman should be treated by the man who wishes her one day to share his hearth. Briefly, friend Ferne, I felt that no woman could ever know the history of my boyhood and respect me even while she dare not blame me. I loved Hildegarde from the first



"You must know now how I adore her."

and determined to bring her up to be my wife. She should know my innermost soul, the tenderness and worship I nurtured for her and then, unless she proved the bitterest failure ever dropped from Heaven, she should love me! Now she is arrived at woman's estate, I find myself dull and ignorant beside her. You can make me her equal, if you will, and I know you will not refuse me this, not because I'll fee your richly, but because you must know now how I adore her."

Ferne closed the book slowly and gazed at the cooper's blazing eyes and heightened color, meanwhile pondering his words and

finding none to meet them.

'Mayhap you think me old,' said Ehrhardt, more calmly, as he brushed back his gray streaked hair, "but I swear to you, I am as young as yourself and old enough to make her a better spouse than any of the trivial sparks who stare at her when we go to church. Besides, I love her and have loved her and watched over her during all these years. I've thought of her at my work and lay awake o' nights dreaming of the things I can get and do to make her happy. Know, friend Ferne, I have envied you your learning just to be near her all the day. Pray do all you can to make me more worthy of her."

"A noble idea," replied the tutor in constraint. "Master Ehrhardt, I will do all in my power for you in the month of my term that still remains."

"But I'll engage you for another twelve-

"I cannot accept, Master Ehrhardt."

"What! Not at double your fee-treble,

"Not for any sum, sir. I must return to mine own distant land. I have long been hankering for it and have remained here in content only out of regard for you—and your ward."

"So be it, Master Ferne. Then you will do your utmost in the month to come?"

"Here's my hand," answered Ferne, with no semblance of emotion, "and my heart goes with it."

It had been a long, inclement month. At last it was ended, and after thirty days and nights of secret anguish Herbert Ferne was ready to bid adieu to Ehrhardt Diemer's homestead and the fair woman he loved, whose eyes and smile had made it paradise for him. From the night on which he had listened to the cooper's avowal he had scrupulously striven to wean Hildegarde from the trend of their former tender moods. The simple sweet talks under the willow by the brookside lay forever hidden in their-minds, as the tripping wavelets of the brook under its winter coat of ice. A fortnight before the date for his departure he had made known to her, before Bertha and Ehrhardt, that he was called back to England. As he was about to enter his room that night he felt a tugging at his sleeve and turning, saw revealed in the candle he held, poor Hildegarde, weeping and distressed.

"Can nothing then detain thee?" she

asked, wistfully.

"Nothing," came the reply in low, forced tones, as he turned quickly into his room



"Do not shrink from me then, little one."

while Hildegarde ran along the hall to her own. Here she lay in darkness across the bed, for a long, dreary hour of despair, weeping and praying.

The momentous morning dawned dark and dismal, with a cold, pitiless rainfall. Herbert Ferne must needs set out betimes for the road to the inn at the next turnpike was long

and rough.

Hildegarde came down, looking very wan and melancholy, but she bade him farewell quite absently. Poor old Bertha clung to his neck, weepingly called him "her son whom she should never see more," and kissed him again and again amid tears and groans. Ehrhardt squeezed his hand hard and wished him Godspeed and good luck, with a strange hoarseness in his voice. Then Bertha recommenced her lamentable parting, and was only cut off by the arrival of the wagoner. who was to take Ferne and his boxes of books and clothes to the Red Wolf Inn. Ehrhardt hoisted his luggage into the cart and helped Ferne to mount beside the wagoner. The lumbering vehicle wobbled off.

Ehrhardt, Bertha and Hildegarde stood in the doorway gazing after it. In a few seconds the mist and rain hid it from their straining sight. Now they could only hear the flop of the horse's hoofs in the muddy road.

That was a gloomy day in the cottage. Ehrhardt worked in snatches and was glad when Bertha called him to supper. Hildegarde had remained in her room since breakfast, complaining that she had a headache. Supper time found her at her place, however, though she tasted little. The dishes had scarcely been washed and stowed upon the shelves than Bertha hurried to bed to dream of "the son she should never see more."

Hildegarde and Ehrhardt remained by the fire. The damsel seemed interested in a book she held; but the cooper had been eyeing her for some time and made up his mind that she read something in the flames far more absorbing than what her printed page revealed to

"What book hast thou, Hildegarde?" he asked, at length.

"'Tis one Herbert Ferne left with me."

"It does not seem to take thee much." "I am too weary. I fain would go to my bed."

'Am I so dull, my dear?"

"Nay, good Ehrhardt. Why shouldst thou think thus?"

"Because thou art not wont to be weary so soon,"

"'Tis the rain, dear Ehrhardt."

"Hark, my little one; dost thou still love

old Ehrhardt?"

'More than ever to-night," she answered, as by a sudden impulse of affection she leaned over, rested her fair head against his broad arm.

"Why to-night?" he asked, taking her

hand lightly.

"Because I am sad, and when I am sad I feel more than ever how much thou lovest

" 'Tis true, then, thou knowest how much I love thee?" said Ehrhardt, kissing her

quickly.

Though he had oft embraced her ere now, there was that in this kiss, which made her leap to her feet as from a blow. Her cheeks flushed and she felt the blood rush to her head till she almost reeled.

"Nay, dear Hildegarde, do not be vexed."

"I am not vexed," she answered, draw-

ing away in amaze.

"Do not shrink from me then, little one," pleaded Ehrhardt, striding toward her and taking her trembling figure in his mighty "Say thou'rt not afraid of Ehrhardt."

"Nay, why should I fear thee?" she said, laying her head confidingly against his

breast.

"And thou'rt sure thou lovest me more than ever?'

"More than ever, Ehrhardt."

"Then thou'lt wed me?"

"Wed thee?" she gasped, crouching within his embrace as though life was leav-

ing her.

'Tell me, little one," the big, tender cooper whispered passionately, his hot breath falling upon her scarlet cheeks, "that thou'lt wed me."

"But I cannot, Ehrhardt. I cannot. I do not love thee like that. I-I would wed an-

other."

"Another!" Ehrhardt groaned. "Whom?

Whom?"

"Herbert Ferne," she whispered, shuddering as she gazed up into her guardian's strong, seamed visage, which wore the pallor of death.

'Herbert Ferne!" cried Ehrhaidt in a voice half anguish, half rage. "The

traitor!"

"Herbert Ferne," Hildergarde echoed mechanically, as Ehrhardt let her loose from his clasp and tottered up the creaking stairs, muttering:

"The long, hard years. Deadwood, deadwood! Herbert Ferne! The traitor!"

It was midnight when Hildegarde arose from her chair beside the hearth, where she had watched the fire die as she felt her heart die within her. She lighted a candle to guide her to her bed and at the side of it she knelt and prayed with scalding tears coursing down her cheeks. When she lay to sleep, horrible dreams affrighted her. At last the dim winter sun shone through the tiny panes of her window and she looked out full of desolation and bitterness upon the frozen earth and chilled sky.

She glanced at herself in her mirror and found her face pale and drawn, her eyelids inflamed. She had not the courage to dress herself and fell back upon her pillow to watch the sun creep up over the hills.

Bertha came in with her breakfast. The old servant seemed in an ague fit of ter-

"What is wrong?" asked Hildergarde.

"Ah, Mistress Hildegarde, I dare not guess. But Master Ehrhardt spent the whole night raging up and down in his room, groaning about Herbert Ferne and a traitor. Before sunrise he saddled his horse and when I asked him to take his breakfast, he flung an oath at me-at me, Mistress Hildegarde, think of it, and galloped away like one who has lost his wits."

"When did he promise to return?" asked Hildegarde, forcing herself to hide the vertigo that she felt mounting to her brain.

'He cursed again when I asked him that," sobbed Bertha, as she hobbled out of the room and clattered down the stairs,

amid sighing and moaning.

Hildegarde did not touch her breakfast, but taking her Bible, sought to assuage her tortured heart in its beautiful pages. She read her ever beloved story of Ruth and then lay back, closing her eyes, the better to see before her mind's eye the scenes and characters there depicted. Gradually she fell into a profound slumber which atoned for the fierce unrest of the previous night.

When she awoke, she found Ehrhardt sitting at her bedside. A lighted candle stood on the table near him, by whose glow he pored over a page of her Bible. His face seemed terribly thin and she noted that the book trembled in his hands. But all the strange fire she had seen glow in his eyes the night before had vanished.

'Dear Ehrhardt," she asked, reaching out her hand to him, "art angry with me?"

"No, my little one."

"And we shall live happily as before?"

"More happily."

"Ah, how can we, Ehrhardt? Thou can'st not be better to me than thou hast always been."

"I have tried to be better, little one. I have fetched Herbert Ferne back to thee. He's down at the hearth waiting for thee."

"God bless thee, Ehrhardt," she cried,

flinging her little arms about his neck.

The tall old clock in the kitchen dongep out its ominous midnight strokes as she said this, smiling in her happiness and grati-

"I must put Kate in her stall," said Ehrhardt, smiling also, though his heart was

broken.

He picked up his hat and gloves from the foot of the bed, adding: "I've ridden her almost to death."



#### LOVE'S CHAINS.

Cupid, master over hearts, Dearly loves, they say, With the victims of his arts Cruelly to play;

> Loads his prisoners with chains, Shackles them secure, Then but laughs to see the pains They for him endure.

But a fair and modest maid—
(So the tale is told)—
Whom to capture he essayed
With his snare of gold,

Though into his trap she fell,
With her virgin heart
Snared and bound the god so well
He could ne'er depart.

Since that day—(so runs the tale)— Maidens pure and true Over Cupid may prevail When his minions sue.

> And each wedded maid may dw€ll Happily alway, If she do but bind him well— (Mark the ''if,'' I pray!)



ÉMILE ZOLA

## EMILE ZOLA AS A NATIONAL FIGURE.

В

WILLIAM HALE.



IE conclusion of the Zola trial has been a relief. The public knew in advance that Zola was to be condemned, and the trial was more or less in the nature of a farce. It

served but one purpose—that of justifying Zola. In addition it placed the French Government in the light of slaves to the army. The French soldiery are to-day the masters of France—masters as all-powerful as the Praetorian bands which gave Rome her Emperors in the decadence of the Empire. The Republic of France is an absurd title for that country to assume. There is just about as much liberty in Russia as there is in France to-day.

The question of Dreyfus' innocence or guilt does not interest us nearly so much as the part played by Zola in this remarkable drama. The earlier novels of Zola, *Nana*, *L'Assomoir* and others, had prejudiced even the French people against him. They were

not averse to having refined pictures of vice and immorality painted for them, but they objected to a realism that was coarse beyond words to characterize. Whatever stain, however, may have attached to Zola's name on account of his literary sins has been wholly wiped away by his bold and grand defense of a man whose guilt has not been conclusively proven. Zola's friends-he has a few of them left in France, though it is rather risky to be an outspoken friend of Zola in that country to-day-say that his magnificent action has placed him on the highest pinnacle-made of him a hero, a martyr, that it has redeemed all of his past faults. Certes, it does strike us that it is an action of a character somewhat rare in this degenerate age. Few men to-day are ready to immolate themselves for the purpose o establishing the innocence of a man with whom they are in nowise connected. But le us hope, however, that the capacity to ad

mire a beautiful action has not altogether departed.

We shall not seek for Zola's motives. We shall simply take it for granted that they were of the very highest character. Even if it were true-which seems to us an absurd hypothesis-that Zola was bidding for notoriety, he went about it in a way that was exceedingly dangerous, and which was sure to give him a great deal of personal discomfort and, as the event has proven, even compromise his personal safety. Zola's escape from mob violence was indeed a narrow one. In addition to all this Zola has lost financially by his championing of Dreyfus. The imposition of a heavy fine represents the smallest portion of his loss. Where he will suffer most is in the damage done his latest book which has been running as a serial in a Paris journal and which is soon to appear in book form.

It is possible that Zola has done more to leave an enduring name in history by this action than by all the reputation which has come to him as a novelist. He is the central figure in France to-day. Through him an agitation has been started which may result in the overthrow of this so-called French Republic. Zola has proven himself a man of rare courage, equal to the demands of an extraordinary situation. His title to permanent fame seems secure.

While discussing Zola in the rôle of a martyr sacrificing himself to assist a man whom he believes to be innocent, some slight reference to Zola's literary career may not be out of place. It is more or less generally known that Zola is of Italian origin though born in France, that as a boy he worked in the publishing house of Hachette et Cie., and that his first literary venture was a volume of short stories entitled. Contes a Ninon. Some time in the seventies he conceived the idea of writing a series of books under the general title of Les Rougon-Macquart. He gave this series the sub-title of "Natural and Social History of a Family Under the Second Empire." In a preface to the series he tells us that it is a study of the laws of heredity. This dominating purpose in the composition of the numerous volumes which M. Zola has taken for the

exposition of his theory-ostensibly based on science- has not had a beneficial effect on his work as a novelist. It has marred his so-called realism by making him ignore the operations of nature in order to be true to his theory. Nothing is more difficult to define than the workings of the law of heredity. It is extremely disconcerting to those who would wish to make of it an exact science. Therefore, Zola has failed to add to the interest of his books, or to their value as social studies, by following the line which he does. It is very probable that he would have produced books of greater merit had he abandoned the idea of this series and been swayed by his literary fantasy alone. Yet leaving all this out of the question Zola remains the most prominent figure among the novelists of France today.

Le Docteur Pascal completed Zola's series of Les Rougon-Macquart. Since then he has given to the world Lourdes and Rome. These two books belong to the trilogy which will be completed with the publication of Paris. The future literary plans of Zola are not known. They will, no doubt be largely influenced by the outcome of the affair in which he is at present involved.

Zola's literary theory seems to be that the novelist should permit himself to say everything and describe everything. In later years he has somewhat abandoned this style. Perhaps his candidacy for a seat in the French Academy may have influenced him to write a little more like those authors competing for the Montyon prize. If so it has not served him materially. Zola is still outside of the portals of the "Immortals." If he occupies any chair at all it is that 41st fauteuil in which Arsène Houssaye placed Balzac, Dumas and so many other really great men who never graced the Academy founded by Richelieu. We presume that the jests about Zola's standing candidacy will now cease. By his own action he has placed himself beyond the pale of any further possible consideration in this connection. At the same time he has gained a seat in a far more illustrious Academy-that of the choice spirits whose title to immortality is grandeur of soul and elevation of ideas.



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# TRAVEL AS A SCIENCE.

HOPE MCALMONT.

"Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther The more experience finds you: and go sparing; One meal a week will serve you, and one suit,— Through all your travels; for you'll find it certain,

The poorer and the baser you appear, The more you look through still.

Beaumont and Fletcher .- "The Woman's Prize."

2

HE desire to rove is an inherent trait of mankind. Perhaps it dates back to those early ancestors of ours who could not conceive of a permanent home as we know it.

Americans, of all others, are the most inveterate globe-trotters, and even those who cannot at the moment afford a trip abroad are interested in everything pertaining to travel in foreign lands. Nearly everyone intends to make "a little journey in the world;" perhaps this season, perhaps next—but some day surely. It is for these prospective travelers that this brief budget of hints is offered. Not everything a traveler should know will be found here, but enough, let us hope, to set one on the right track at least.

If one's trip is to last for a definite period, the whole route should be carefully laid out

before the start. With the aid of one or more of the handy guide books now published it will be found a very simple matter to decide upon a definite line of travel and the length of time advisable to devote to each point. Of course a certain margin should be allowed for the ordinary mishaps—bad weather, failure to make transportation connections, etc. But by all means plan your schedule as carefully as possible and adhere to it.

The tendency to "read up" before an extended trip is quite natural. So plentiful is the literature of travel that space forbids the mention of but few of the helpful books on the subject. "Bits of Travel," by H. H.; Hawthorne's "Note Books;" and "Our Old Home;" Miss Trafton's "American Girl Abroad;" Warner's "Saunterings;" Hare's "Walks in



In a European Railway Carriage.



Mid-ocean Comforts.

Rome;" Grant White's "England Without and Within;" and last but by no means least, Curtis Guild's delightful volumes "Abroad Again;" "Britons and Muscovites;" and "Over the Ocean." of the foregoing books teem with hints of value to the traveler - hints that the ordinary guide-book is entirely devoid of and which enable the tyro to observe unfamiliar scenes from the proper point of view (mentally as well as physical-The visitor to a foreign land can do little toward mastering its language in the usual brief interval between "making up his mind" to go and the actual start. English is spoken almost all over the civilized world; or, if the mother tongue and the sign language both fail an interpreter can nearly always be found by the exercise of a little tact and patience. "Phrase-books" of the European languages are obtainable at moderate prices and will often be found useful if the pronounciation can be mastered.

A passport is so easy to get that no traveler should neglect to arm himself with one. In very few countries will one be asked to show it, but as a means of identification at banking houses, and occasionally as an open sesame to art galleries and public buildings it will be found invaluable. Write a line to the State Department, Passport Bureau, at Washington, for the required blank form and the printed instructions. There is no charge for these and it is merely necessary to fill in the form, take the proper oath before a notary and return the paper to Washington.

A "letter of credit" is the most popular and one of the best ways to carry money on a foreign trip. Make a definite estimate of what your expenses will be, allow a rather liberal margin on this for contingencies and then obtain the letter for the entire sum. Take with you in addition enough ready money for extras en route. The letter will contain a list of bankers who will honor it; they will attend as well to forwarding mail without extra charge.

Of course the journeyer's wearing apparel must depend entirely on the nature of the trip. On a North Atlantic voyage, for instance, warm

clothing is absolutely necessary, even in midsummer. Heavy winter underclothing will be found comfortable on a mild day and a traveler's rug is indispensable. Then, too, be sure to possess yourself of a pair of warm gloves that come well up over the wrists.

It was quite the thing a while ago to wear old clothes aboard ship with comfort as a valid excuse. People have gradually learned, however, that comfort and good appearance, in this instance, need not of necessity be divorced. The golf and bicycle wear now so much in evidence everywhere are not at all out of place at sea and are coming into greater and greater vogue with ocean voyagers.

A word as to seasickness may not be amiss. Keep on deck as much as possible, do not overeat and if you feel an insidious attack of the foe, *fight it*. This latter is the best and simplest of all remedies, and if it does not cure will always allay the disorder.

The man who cannot leave his hotel when in a strange city, unless accompanied by a guide book, is usually of the sort to whom



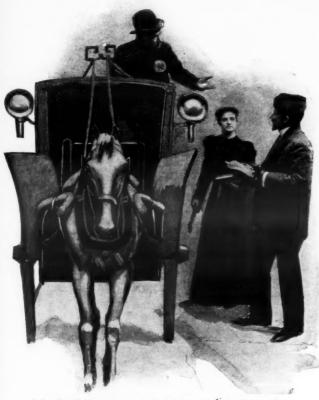
"Doing" the Salon.

robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go." This is a pretty accurate synopsis of what a good traveler should see even today with the guide book as a book of reference merelv. The European hotels are now about as expensive as those of America, the quality of the accomodations considered. The leisurely traveler, however, may save a good deal by lodging at pensions or boarding-houses. It is much cheaper for the hotel guest abroad to get his a pleasure trip is a serious matter, something far removed from enjoyment and not to be entered upon lightly. amply justifies the derivation of the word "travel" a form of "travail"excessive labor. He barely glances at each "object of interest," but assiduously studies up all the facts in relation to it. Even he who goes to the other extreme and throws guide books to the winds has a much better time of it.

But there is a happy medium. Bacon quaintly says that "the things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistries ecclesiastic; the churches and monastaries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens, harbors, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations and lectures when any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, bourses, warehouses, exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers and the like comedies, such where unto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and



Tipping an English Railway Guard.



A London Cabby protests on principle no matter what he is paid.

meals at restaurants; but to eat and sleep at the same house need not be very expensive. Many good hotels have a fixed price per day which includes everything. This arrangement appeals strongly to Americans, to whom the word "extras" gets to be an omen of ill. If, for appearance sake, it is necessary to lodge in a first-class foreign hotel the expense may be considerably lightened by taking a room on the third or fourth story.

The average expense of living at secondclass hotels in Great Britain is from eight to ten shillings a day (wines and liquors not in cluded). "Second-class" in this connection, merely means that you get all reasonable comforts, but no unnecessary accompaniments of splendor. The "hotel coupons" sold by the tourist agencies are a most excellent idea. They cost 8s. 6d. or 8s. 9d. per day and include all necessary hotel expenses. There are three coupons for each day: One for breakfast, another for a table d'hote dinner with or without wine, and the third for a bedroom with service and lights. The breakfast coupon may be used for tea or supper if preferred. "Extras," of course, must be paid for.

If the coupons are not used always have a definite understanding when engaging rooms by the day or week. If there is a printed tariff study it carefully before making any arrangement to stop at a house. ''In Italy,'' says a writer who knows, ''travelers who do not bargain in advance are invariably swindled.''

When leaving a hotel in any part of the world insist on having an itemized bill in ample time to check it off carefully before you depart.

When merely visiting a place for the day without the intention of stopping over night it is a useless expense to go to a hotel. Luggage can usually be left at the railway station where it will be taken care of in the parcel room for a small sum.

Remember that on "the continent" soap and candles are "extras" and if used lavishly will add astonishingly to the sum total of the bill.

In most European hotels clothing can be laundered in twenty-four hours. To mark all clothes with indelible ink is a sensible safeguard, though the hotel people usually put a distinguishing mark on the things before they are sent to the laundry.

As to fees to hotel servants one rule may be laid down as a finality: Never give until leaving. Give as much or as little as can be afforded and be guided by that only. If you are undecided between a larger and a smaller sum give the smaller—it will probably come nearer to what the recipient expected.

The summer excursions at a fixed price arranged by the tourist companies offer attractions to some, and they have the advantage of determining in advance the cost of the proposed trip. Three hundred, four hundred or five hundred dollars will do wonders for a personally conducted "tourist."

As to Americans "abroad" means Europe (and most of us go "abroad." when we travel for pleasure), that part of the world has been dwelt on with the most insistance in this paper. "Abroad" we may view the historic art treasures, visit the literary landmarks and see a thousand and one things we have previously become well acquainted with by reputation.

Every part of Europe has its natural attractions. As Symonds has so vividly put it:

"In northern landscapes the eye travels through vistas of leafy boughs to still, secluded crofts and pastures, where slow-moving oxen graze. The mystery of dreams and the repose of meditation haunt our massive bowers. But in the South, the lattice-work of olive boughs and foliage scarcely veils the laughing sea and bright blue sky, while the hues of the landscape find their climax in the dazzling radiance of the

sun upon the waves, and the pure light of the horizon. There is no concealment and no melancholy here. Nature seems to hold a neverending festival and dance, in which the waves and sunbeams and shadows join. Again, in northern scenery, the rounded forms of full foliaged trees suit the undulating country, with its gentle hills and brooding clouds; but in the South the spiky leaves and sharp branches of the olive carry out the defined outlines which are everywhere observable through the broader beauties of mountain and valley and sea-shore. Serenity and intelligence characterize this southern landscape, in which a race of splendid men and women lived beneath the pure light of Phoebus, their ancestral god.

Of course the experienced traveler does not expect to find comfortable waiting-rooms in any part of the world, whether, after the European fashion, they are divided into first, second, and third class compartments



Ordered about by the dictatorial European Customs' Official,

to match the railway carriages; or, as we know them here, into the ladies' waiting-room and the gentlemen's or smoking compartment. Perhaps the most comfort is to be found by eliminating these places from one's scheme of travel altogether, as to house oneself in such a stuffy room is quite enough to spoil the pleasure of any trip.

Even at the smaller stations it is possible nowadays in almost any part of the world to engage parlor car seats or sleeping berths. However, at these minor places porters are usually unknown quantities, and the traveler is expected to move about his own hand luggage, or if one is lucky enough to obtain a porter at such a place, a quarter of a dollar or its equivalent, is the minimum sum to be offered for such service.

In America, owing to the convenient checking system, there is no need to arrive at the station until just before the trainstarts; but if the luggage must be weighter



Intricate struggle with sign language and a French railway porter.

at the station, after the European fashion, of course a wide margin of time must be allowed for that purpose.

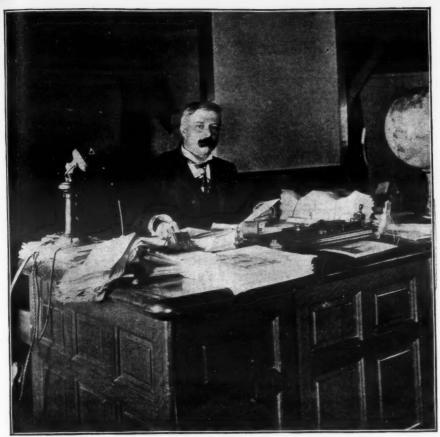
No matter where you are going, or whether you travel by land or water, do not burden yourself with unnecessary clothes; take what you will need and that only. Many experienced globe-trotters have "done" Europe with a simple outfit carried in a roomy valise. In view of the fact that there are no "baggage checks," or anything corresponding to them, on many European railways-in fact the annoyance of overmuch luggage is apt to be felt in almost any part of the world except the United States, where the system of registration is so simple and complete. Besides, in some countries all luggage except that taken into the railway carriage with the passenger must be paid for by weight.

The superiority of American railway travel is a favorite theme with a large percentage of patriotic globe-trotters from the land of the Stars and Stripes, but if one comes to look into the matter, the differences are perhaps not so fundamental as might be at first supposed. Our Pullman or "parlor" coach corresponds to first class, the day coach to second, and the smoker to third. The rapide abroad corresponds to our express train. The wagon-lits is about the same thing as our fast vestibule limited. Most of the little comforts to be found in European railway travel have of course been

adapted from suggestions obtained in America. But justice compels the admission that while we have originated the ideas the adaptations are in many cases great improvements on the original conception. For a long time they had nothing in Europe to correspond to our parlor cars, but the corridor car seems to offer all the advantages of the Pullman, and to have in addition to this some advantages peculiarly its own. It is a happy combination of the good points of our long, bowling-alley-like coaches, and the compartment carriages of Europe. If expense is not an object, aboard a corridor car is certainly the right way to travel in England and on the continent.



"Darn these guide-book maps, anyhow!"



THE LAIR OF THE FORECASTER.

# A PROPHET, BUT NOT WITHOUT HONOR.

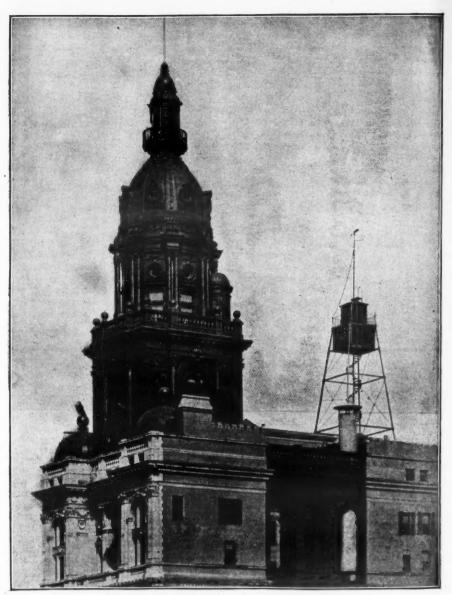
EDWARD AL.



own country, one must be an official weather prophet. There are other ways, but this is the safest. To no other form of forecasting does government lend its

aid and approval, and science its instruments. Neither are salaries attached to any other form of predicting. On the contrary, and pharisees, and scoffers in general. If would all be weather forecasters.

BE a prophet with honor in one's their prediction come out correct they are apt to be accused of some unholy alliance with unseen and noxious forces, and if they fail contumely and scorn are heaped upon them. Such at least was the case a hundred years ago, and things have not changed much. Their way is hard and without reward except as government weather prophets. If the old Hebrew seers prophets are usually a mark for the scribes were alive there is little doubt but they



Tower Containing Offices of the New York Weather Bureau.

New York has the first of the great weather stations in the United States, and consequently the first of the weather prophets. It is considered second to the central one of the Bureau in Washington, but this is more official form than reality. It is situated in a little circular eyrie of steel and glass perched on the top of the tower of the building of the Manhattan Life Co., on Broadway, below Wall street, and it is a high, storm-beaten, gusty perch indeed. The prophet, who from its inner sanctuary dispenses sunshine, wind and rain, is Elias B. Dunn, commonly denominated Farmer by the heathen scribes of New York, but whose legal title is Local Forecast Official. Here, with a staff of six or eight expert assistants, his observations, which are of interest to a very large section of our continent, are made and recorded. Here, also, are received from no less than one hundred and twenty-five stations scattered over the United States, British Columbia, Canada and Nova Scotia the reciprocal reports upon which he bases his daily forecasts for thirty-six hours ahead. These are the forecasts which appear in the daily papers and which are announced hour by hour, from the tower itself, by means of signals, flags and lights. It is an interesting Bureau, and an interesting life.

Although the Weather Bureau is still a comparatively new branch of the public service, it is one in which all classes are personally interested. The dweller in the city may have

lost faith in the predictions to a certain extent, but deciding for him whether he shall or shall not take his umbrella down town in the morning is not the chief aim and end of the Bureau. The hundreds of thousands of farmers, stock raisers, fruit-growers, seafaring men, tradesmen and others. whose callings depend seriously upon the weather, consult its reports more attentively as a matter of business, and as a result have more Your city faith. clerk and small merchant forget from day to day whether the long distance 36hour forecast came true or not, but not so the others. Long before the arrival of a great gale, snowstorm, blizzard, or cold wave, they are warned of its approach and take the necessary precautions to avoid loss and escape danger. Crops are housed or guarded, cattle and sheep are sheltered, vessels stay in port instead of venturing out to sea, and out-



Forecaster Dunn Taking Observations of the Speed of the Wind.



Main Office of the New York Signal Station

door work that would be ruined by a storm is so arranged that loss is avoided.

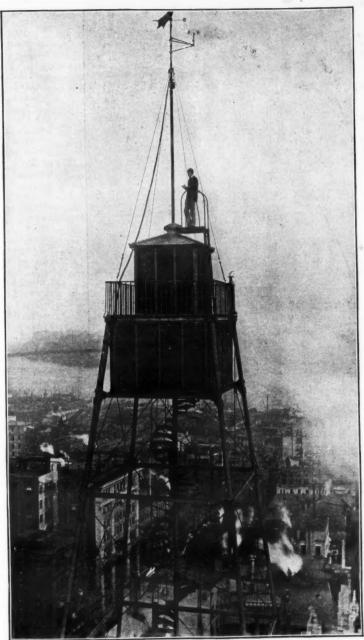
Of course the Weather Bureau has its critics, who assert that much of its work is useless, and that a very large proportion of

its predictions are faulty.

So learned a person as Professor Thomas Russell, United States Assistant Engineer, in his late work on meteroology plainly states that the chief use of a weather bureau is historical rather than predictive. "In recent years," says he, "there has been developed a great deal of interest in scientific weather observations. But the hopes that were once entertained that a precise knowledge of coming weather could be gained from the weather may have not been fully realized. Cases are comparatively rare in which it can be used in predicting the weather. There are not more than six to twelve occasions in the course of a year for any part of the country where successful predictions can be made, and for some cases successful predictions are never possible."

This kind of criticism is unavoidable, perhaps, where a territory so vast is covered, and interests so varied have to be served. But even these fault-finders are not blind to the valuable services it renders in the great emergencies already referred to, and especially in foretelling the devastating storms that occur at the change of every season, as well as the dreaded tornadoes and cyclones of midsummer. Every year shows an increase in the efficiency of the Bureau.

Forecaster Dunn has an answer, also, which carries weight. As he said to me not long since: "Weather predictions can be made with confidence and they usually come out true. The percentage of successful predictions is from eighty-five to ninety-five during a whole year. For shorter periods a hundred per cent. of successful forecasting is not at all unusual. It is as near being an exact science as anything can be, because it is founded upon observation and experi-



Signal Tower of the New York Weather Bureau.



Observer Dunn Looking After the Barometer.

ence. You must remember that the United States Weather Bureau was founded only twenty-eight years ago. When it began, the country was divided into great sections. Here in the East there were the North, Middle and South Atlantic group of States, for which separate probabilities were announced. That was when the Weather Bureau was controlled by the War Department. Now under the Agricultural Department's management, forecasts are made for each State in the Union, and for divisions of the larger Again, in States. twenty-five great cities throughout the country there are what are called local forecasters, who make predictions for that one city. In my own case I succeed or fail in my predictions of rain, according as rain falls in my rain register outside, so that I may say I only predict for a space one foot square at this particular spot. announce rain for New York and it

rains over half the city, but not in my pan, I must score myself with a failure. Again it may rain slightly in my pan, but not over all New York, and though my prediction may be verified, "Old Subscriber" who keeps track of the rain as regards his doorstep inwardly rejoices that I have failed in another prediction. So it goes."

There is no room to explain here, even briefly the wonderful and exact physical geographical facts upon which the science of forecasting is based, but a half hour's investigation at the proper sources will convince anyone that with the means at the Weather Bureaus' hand predictions can be made with certainty. It is all a science of air—the cold which waves from the arctics toward the equator and the heat which moves from the equator toward the arctic regions. It is the meeting and interflowing of these differently tempered airs, combined with the rotation of the earth which produces all the phenomena of changing heat and cold, sunshine and rain, calms and storms.

The reason that predictions sometimes fail is that wind is the most capricious of

elements, and has a trick of doing the unexpected. ''Thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth'' is about as true to-day as when ''Mary's Son walked beneath the palms of Palestine.'' You may know where the ranges of mountains are and how much they will deflect a storm, and you may have the flat exposure of lakes and seas to assure you of a straight procedure as a rule, but once in a while the winds will change their course without evident cause. The reason could be discovered, of course, after much investigation, but the prediction fails for the nonce.

The New York office is as thoroughly equipped to cope with the problem as any office well can be. From his aerial platform, three hundred and eighty-four feet above the ground, its prophet can look down upon the gilded cross at the top of Trinity Church spire across the way, or sweep the horizon encompassing a tremendous view of Greater New York, including Brooklyn, Jersey City, Staten Island, Westchester county, the North and East rivers, the Harlem, Long Island Sound and the harbor and bay. On the back part of the great building, and some distance from the tower proper in

which are the Bureau offices, is an observatory, built of open work iron beams, like a lighthouse, with a closed chamber on top, where are placed the self-registering instruments for measuring the velocity and direction of the wind, the temperature and general atmospheric conditions. All these instruments, by means of electric wires, communicate automatically with Mr. Dunn's office in the tower proper, and upon them he bases the weather maps, there prepared.

The tower proper is divided into a half dozen circular rooms or floors, one above the other, which are connected by a spiral stair. One of these is the main offices, where the historical records are compiled and kept, another is the office of the forecaster, with its dozen instruments connected by wire with the observatory in the rear. A third is a typesetting room where the reports of the office are set up, and a fourth is the Bureau printing office. There is considerable work to do and the Bureau presents a scene which may well confuse the average citizen who is wont to study the western sky at night, or depend on the twinges of divers muscles and corns for indications of a change in the weather.



The Outlook Over the Bay



WILLIAM Le QUEUX.

# ONE OF THE "ARRIVED."

BA

CHRISTOPHER ARDEE.



IE successful novelist's career might be divided into three periods. The first, his years of plodding, hacking and humble suing to obtain recognition. The second, his years of ripening

second, his years of ripening fame, sunned with the gold of suing publishers and the honeyed words of sleek and smiling reviewers. The third, his years of fame full blown, when his name is rampant in a dozen magazines on both sides of the Atlantic, and his corps of typewriters cannot turn out enough for the greedy and fickle public, who will ere long tire of him and find him dull, no matter how great the merit of his maturity.

William Le Queux is a novelist in the second and most fascinating period; and in this safe haven he will remain until he is foolish enough to come over and lecture to us or let us have a glance at his personality in some way equally precarious. As soon as the average reader has ocular proof that the books who hold him spellbound from sleep or work, have been born of the brain of a man, who dresses, eats, talks, walks and looks like himself. his estimation of

that author declines. The reader has preconceived an entirely different notion of the writer; and he blames the former for the disappointment the former offers in the face and form God gave him. Familiarity breeds contempt in no other conjunction so swiftly and irreversibly. A young author is last of all appreciated by his true friends, not his flatterers, who call themselves friends. In truth a man, beginning to write, has the credit of only one person in whatever devoted circle he may move. This person, or better, personage, is his mother; and were he to confide to her that he was about to build a railway tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean, the good soul would still believe in and encourage him.

Yet the Boswellian public craves and demands to know the men who create new worlds and people for them. And, so this information be granted in discreet moderation, the author is saved from becoming ridiculous, and those who would be authors are often saved from a worse fate.

The rise of William Le Queux has seen perhaps more of the slings and arrows of

outrageous fortune, than the rise of most

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men who live by pen and paper. He started out as an art student in the Quartier Latin; threw up his past and his future in a fit of despair and became a wanderer. In course he drifted into that port, whither all brainy wanderers tend—the port of journalism. It was while sub-editing a London daily, that he first tried his hand at fiction. He turned out a quantity of short stories and the majority of them were published. But he found that there was small recompense and no reputation to be gleaned in this field. It was not until he had produced his first novel that he discovered his public and he has never since lost it.

A few words here from the author himself are not inappropriate. He was sitting at the window of his study at Nice, which permits a rare view of the broad Mediterranean. The conversation was touching upon the struggles of his early days. His advice to young authors was asked; and he gave it reluctantly, not to discourage but to pre-

pare them for the fray.

eeyo

"To all those who are thinking of following an already overcrowded profession I would like to give a word of warning. If they are not prepared to peg away for years without achieving success they had better abandon the idea altogether. I believe journalism is the very best school for the novelist. When I was sub-editing a daily many men used to tell me that journalism would dull any originality I happened to possess. On the contrary I found that the insight I thus obtained into various

phases of life stands me in very good stead now. Besides, the actual bodily labor of writing is to the journalist as nothing, and the rushing, vivid style he naturally acquires is appreciated by those who read stories. The art of writing an interesting story is in enlisting the readers' interest from the very first line, and this is best done by going straight to the point. The working out of the story depends upon the author's ability and mastery of technique."

William Le Queux writes what the urday Review, in one of its less sardonic moments, would call "a rattling good story." He believes that people read novels to be entertained, informed of odd characters and places and above all, interested. He teaches no doctrine, science or moral in his stories, and outrages none. His style is clear, crisp and unlabored. He confines himself to no particular clime or country. He writes with equal force and ease of the Steppes of Russia and the Desert of Sahara. His matter is cosmopolitan in the highest sense of the word; his manner distinctive and fascinating. Not a writer difficult of analysis, it will be said. Does one enjoy the novelist whose work must be dissected before it can be understood? And, can one analyze the qualities that enthrall one to a printed page, on which are presented people that have never existed, yet whom one knows better than oneself; and places one has never seen and never will see, yet which are as familiar to one as the way to business?

## LOVE'S THORNS.

I sought for love; I found his lair;
'Twas hidden 'neath a blossom fair;
The flower I viewed enraptured.
'''Tis Cupid's blossom rare,'' I thought;
But when to pluck the flower I sought,
'Twas but a thorn I captured.

And so of love I pray beware;
His lightest touch will bring despair;
The dainty favors he will share
Are quickly wilted:
A rose at night, a thorn at dawn;
A withered leaf, a fragrance gone;
The chilly morn will break upon
A lover jilted.

Love's roguish eyes were looking on; He smiled to see what I had won; He did not heed my sorrow.

"The wound will heal," he laughing cried;
"Your tears to-day will all be dried

By some new love to-morrow."

And so of love have not a care;
His dainty favor may not wear,
But he'll bestow another rare
When it has wilted;
Another rose will bloom at dawn;
The lover's thorn will soon be gone;
The lover will be glad anon
That he was jilted.

# LETTERS TO JUSTINA.

## BOOKS AND BOOK-PEOPLE.

MY DEAR JUSTINA:-I know how little commendation a new novel by the famous creator of Sherlock Holmes needs in your eyes. I am

A Desert Drama

By A. Conan Doyle

(J. B. Lippincott Co.)

not quite sure whether you had occasion to read this one, however, when it ran last year in the Strand Magazine under the title of "The Trag-edy of the Korosko." The latter is used as sub-title to the story in its exceedingly handsome volume form. Desert Drama" is an excel-lent example of the fine in-

terest and sympathy that may be excited over a very slender thread of characters and events by very slender thread of characters and events by a novelist and stylist, who has perfect resources of construction and language. To state the plot concisely, I may tell you that a small party of tourists are going up the Nile, visiting the historic ruins along either shore. They venture too near hostile territory, though under the safeguard of a guide, and are taken prisoners by a bond of bloodthirsty Bedouins. After much suffering and mental torture, they are rescued by a body of Anglo-Egyptian soldiery. Even in the midst of such woes, two of the party learned the midst of such woes, two of the party learned to love each other, which would have been a quite questionable development had the tour been traveled out to an ordinary monotonous close. "A Desert Drama" is an admirably strong and healthy story. It is equally easy and unaffected. The men and women who move in it are drawn with a pen as sure as it is sympathetic. There is a Harvard graduate, who wins your heart, a charming Boston girl, a brave and dignified English colonel, and an Irish gentleman and his wife, who are at once noble and good. The color and atmosphere of Egypt is wonderfully true. One passage which struck me as particularly notable, I give you. This is part of a description of the Arabs praying in the desert:

"And how they prayed, these fanatical Mos-lems! Wrapt, absorbed, with yearning eyes and shining faces, rising, stooping, groveling with their foreheads upon their praying carpets. Who could doubt as he watched their strenuous, heartwhole devotion, that here was a great living power in the world, reactionary but tremendous, countless millions all thinking as one from Cape Juby to the confines of China? Let a common wave pass over them, let a great soldier or organizer arise among them to use the grand material at his hand, and who shall say that this may not be the besom with which Providence may sweep the rotten, decadent, half-hearted South of Europe, as it did a thousand years ago, until it makes room for sounder stock?"

I do not for a moment forget, dear Justina how little you liked "A Crime of the Boulevard," by this Claretie. But I wish you to forget it when you take up "Brichanteau, Actor actor who has failed and not work but his claret in the strength of an actor who has failed and not work but his claret.

By Jules Claretie

yet lost his hope or good humor. You know what that means in France, where success in any art, of which they are all so proud and prodigal, (Little, Brown & Co.) is won only by the meanest of wire-pulling and fawning. But I will not spoil the book

for you by trying too accurately to describe its delights. Brichanteau, himself, is a perfect type; his ill-luck makes you weep for him, his mirth, vanity and inconsistency are full of exquisite envanity and inconsistency are full of exquisite enjoyment. His adventures contain material for a brace of stories and a glorious, swaggering drama, in which only Brichanteau himself could play the lead. The style and manner of the pseudo-biography are worthy of such an accomplished writer as Claretie. The translator, whose name is not mentioned, has done well by the control of the program of th original. Let me call your attention to one passage of this book, which, with many others, I am loth to forget. Little Jeanne Horly is jeune preloth to forget. Little Jeanne Horry is jeune pre-miere in the company of which Brichanteau is the lead at Perpignan. She is in mortal dread of Baculard, the butcher-critic of the town, who has leered upon her. She learns through the manager the awful price of the execrable Baculard's pen. She confides her woe to Brichanteau, who bids her brave the critic out as he has done. Now let Brichanteau tell you about the poor little girl and her trial:

"I looked again at little Jeanne, Jeanne Horly, a mere child, a gamine. So slender! As big round as one's wrist! And she had to pay a nurse for another human creature somewhere about Nevers-a boy born of the amours of that child with a fellow-pupil at the Conservatory, who had deserted in order to avoid military service, and who was then singing comic songs in Belgian beer-gardens or London music-halls. In receipt of a very moderate stipend at Perpignan, the poor girl saved enough out of her month's wages to send by the post what the Nivernais nurse sharply demanded, and what the mother in Paris needed for her foot-warmer and her tobacco. Ah! the pity of it!

"Some days after this interview at rehearsal,

I was going back to my lodgings near the ramparis one night after the play—it was the dead of winter and it had snowed very hard that day—when, a few yards in front of me, I espied, splashing through the muddy snow, a sadly ironical couple: the corpulent Baculard with his broad back, strutting along, his head and sallow face proudly erect, and little Jeanne Horly trailing at his side, hanging to the giant's arm like some little Poucette being carried off by an ogre starving for fresh meat. She was the victim of that man, who crawed reputation, money, and pleasure. Blackmail! That is not paid simply in checks to bearer. There is blackmailing in debauchery, and the woman who trembles pays like the banker who is intimidated."

In fine, there are but too few books like "Brichanteau," books that are instinct with truth, wit, mirth, tenderness and even tragedy, such as every man's life embodies; and what is equally important, books that discover power, elegance and taste in the story they tell.

Now do not think, Justina, that you are going to find in this a novel about haughty hidalgoes and olive-skinned senoras. Only during the first

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A Spanish Maid.

By
A. Quiller-Couch.

Chapter and half of the second is the scene of the story laid in Spain. For the remainder the story is transferred to the village of Landearrock on the coast of Eng-

land.
Under the shelter of a rude tent, Teresa, the Spanish Maid, and a gipsy, leaves the body of her dead mother upon a broad Spanish plain and flees from the persecuting hand of a nomad father. Onward to the sea she makes her way, where she tricks her way aboard a "strange, dark, square-rigged vessel" with a crew of "small ghastly men, with lank, colorless hair, and pale faces, clear and swelled as the faces of drowned persons." This horrible and inhospitable company carry their unwelcome passenger upon their voyage until they reach the English coast, where, mercilessly, they cast her upon Averack Beach, near the village of Landecarrock.

'Zekiel Myners, brother of Mary, wife of Peter Ludgven, the coast guard, witnessing this dastardly performance, is moved with pity for the castaway and hastens to the aid of the prostrate Teresa.

"She was so wonderful, this creature which he held in the hollow of his arms. She was so beautiful with a beauty he had never dreamed of. Her eyes, with the fury still blazing in them, looked back into his eyes. And, as he looked, his boyish face changed; the youngness and the brightness of it seemed to pass from his to hers, and, as her angry eyes softened and smiled up at him with a languorous pleasure, his eyes grew

hard and eager."

If 'Zekiel had been the solitary occupant of a desert island this lovely animal might have loved him. But, to that southern eye for luxury, warmth, and brightness, this uncouth fisher lad offered no charm to rival those of the young village squire, a polished, pretty man of the world—Master Humphrey. Poor 'Zekiel! One feels orry that he will not be sane and exorcise this devil-passion which possesses him. But Teresa laughs. She has no pity for that deep, true devotion. To her 'Zekiel is ugly. For him she has no smile, no tear—only a mocking laugh. But the poor lout keeps on loving her, and with a passion better befitting the bosom of man.

Master Humphrey, no more than Peter Ludgven, resisting the spell of that beauty, and half enchanted by those dark, dancing, ever-changing eyes, is only saved by a better, higher love than, in their greatest power, these witcheries could inspire. Its object—the pure and simple grand-daughter of the village parson. And so the great animal heart of the Castilian gipsy goes unsatisfied.

One day she finds upon the beach-flotsam of the sea-a chest in which her delighted eyes discover a strip of yellow silk. Yellow !-- that warm, soft color which makes her tropical heart to bound. Enraptured, she dances down the village street with her new-found treasure, dallying and playing in mad fashion with the children. "She playing in mad fashion with the children. frolicked as a child amongst them, darting to and fro in their midst, chasing, catching, whirling the plump, sturdy-legged sons and daughters as if they were so many butterflies, dancing with them, swooping upon them, entangling them in the long folds of her gold-colored drapery." "Witchcraft!" it is to the villagers—the same which had "mazed" 'Zekiel Myners. And poor 'Zekiel? Prostrate with his injuries from the panic at the burning of the squire's barn, poor 'Zekiel lies home upon his bed of torture, gasping and moaning "Teresa! Teresa!" And for him she has never a thought.

But Landecarrock is stricken with a plague. Fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, die—always to leave some sorrowing one behind. And this awful visitation is traced to the Spaniard's flotsam silk. And the villagers rise up to stone her. Flying to escape their mighty rage, Teresa, by the strength of desperation, forces 'Zekiel's boat from the beach into the sea, and, entering it, pulls away from her pursuers at the same moment that the strange, dark, square-rigged versel with its crew of small ghastly men, with lank, colorless hair and pale faces, reappears off Averack Beach. "Suddenly as their eyes fell upon the deck the villagers saw that a new figure was standing there-no small, white-faced horror, such as those who steered the evil ship, but a huge man, with a swarthy, alert face, wearing a suit of rich texture and round about his waist was bound a bright, fringed sash"—Teresa's father, athirst for vengeance. "Then, through the mist, they saw the man lean forward and fling out his arm, and the gesture held a terrible Turning to the girl they saw her sway meaning. back as if the outflung arm had struck at her heart, then she sprang quickly to the edge of the rocking boat, and for an instant her face, just a blotch of pallor in the mist, was turned toward Averack Beach, then they saw her fling up her arms and sway forward over the sea."

And poor 'Zekiel recovered and his mad passion he half remembered as a thing in another life; and he learned to love again. And Peter Ludgven's wife had Peter all to herself again. And Master Humphrey wedded the pure and simple Ursula, and, with the others, was happy.

Quiller-Couch deals in the wildest improbabilities. The combination of incident is as far-fetched as in a tale of Hans Andersen. This peculiarity produces a lack of reality, of flesh and blood, of the human as he may be—making the conduct of the characters impossible to the reader. He feels throughout the tale that Humphrey should have had genius enough to rid Landecarrock of the havoc-working Spaniard. But nothing so likely occurs. The "dark, square-rigged vessel" with its crew of voiceless death's heads is so fantastic when taken with the other elements of the book as to preclude illusion. Such wide reaches of the imagination as Couch is guilty of release all power from the tale and leaves one wondering to discover its "reason for to be." 'Zekiel, like his fellow characters, excites little sympathy;

and one cannot have interest without some sort of sympathy. One feels that he has discovered something real in Humphrey, only to see him behave in a most unlikely fashion. Mary, the wife and mother, is one commendable bit. Her revulsion against her infant boy at his preference for the Spaniard is strongly done. The style of the book entire is worthy of a better theme. The author says little in a very endurable manner. But, at the end, one feels he has cracked a rather hollow nut.

This is hardly a book to be taken up when you are in the mood for reading anything that bears in the least on the serious. The author of

these jingling verses modestly disclaims any attempt at doing more than "to create a few fancies for people who have not time to do so for themselves." In most of the rhymes he has easily and gracefully attained this object. Some of them might have been advantageously omitted; and no doubt would

have been omitted were it not a natural law that we must always have the chaff with the grain. The following lines, I think, are the worthiest

### THE AWAKENING OF THE CITY.

"The red sun rises o'er the sea,
The smoke clouds lift, the damp departs.
Wan men slink homeward noiselessly,
With surfeited and scurvied hearts.

in this dainty little volume:

"A woman, watcher of the dead, Throws wide a blind and scans the sky That hides the sinning soul that's fled— And seeing nothing, wonders why.

"The tragedy of Night is played, The comedy of Day's begun. Falsehood in robes of truth arrayed Strides to the footlights of the sun.

"The whistles shriek; the wild bells ring Until the time-reft rafters shake; Carts rumble, birds begin to sing— New York, the monster, is awake."

This is a book of old days—the days when within the bosom of gallant or lady there stirred deep loves and deeper hates—passions which I pray, my little Justina, may

"The Queen of Jesters, and Her Strange Adventures in Old Paris."

By
Max Pemberton.

Mever wear, for, like the clumsy outfit of a King Louis soldier, though beautiful to the view, they are sore to bear. It is this unseen beauty of a vanished day which invests the stories with a great charm for you and me—and others. Old Paris—what a wonder-place—with its rich and its poor; its treach-

alties and deceptions; its crime and its virtue; its hypocrisy and its faith. By all of these those old Parisians suffered, knew them, and in them shared, enjoyed and had their jokes—good jokes, too, at which we may laugh to-day. But there was a Queen of Jesters. Let Max Pemberton tell you of her; it will save you turning those great large volumes of your Britannica.

eries and devotions; its loy-

"The adventures set out in these pages are taken from certain episodes in the life of Corinne de Montisson, who was long a famous figure in the Paris of Louis XV. Disdaining alike the salons of the great, where her wit would have given her a distinguished place, and the galleries of Versailles, where her indisputable beauty would have commanded a royal welcome, Mademoiselle de Montisson established herself in an old house in Rue St. Paul, and there, surrounded by a little band of wits, scientists, and adventurers, she made it her ambition to become acquainted with the dens of the city. To which end, she practiced a generous charity, and rescued more than one notorious rogue from the gibbet. While the lower classes looked upon her now as a worker of miracles, now as a witch, the Court was greedy to hear of those exploits by which her name has come down to us. She had the privilege of entertaining the King on more than one occasion, and enjoyed to the end his support against the Lieutenant of Police, who bewailed her authority over the vagabonds of the city; and against her guardian, the Abbé Morellet, who demanded that she should be sent to a Convent of Benedictine Nuns..."

Nuns . . ."
But Corinne did not enter a cloister. Instead, this merry soul played an elaborate jest upon the With the faithful coterie about her she waylaid him on his journey to Paris-his mission being to encloister her—and in the dark-ness of a black night conducted him—his superstitious soul all a-quaking-to the "House of the Scarlet Witch"—a goblin mansion she had improvised for the occasion. Here she led him to believe that he had mortally affronted King Louis and immured him within a guarded room for the night with the awful prospect of losing his head to cheer the approach of day. It is not recorded that the holy man made any subsequent attempt to cage his free-flying ward. He may have learned to love her for her daring. Now I must tell you of Corinne's service to Coq le Roi, the Little Red Man. This Coq le Roi was a notorious highwayman, the scourge of the roads about Paris, and most successful in his nefarious occupation. Monsieur de Sartines, the newly appointed Lieutenant of Police, had sworn all oaths that he would bring the Little Red Man to his deserts. Corinne was at once eager to thwart the cock-sure thief-taker. The clock of Notre Dame strikes midnight to awaken the hunted rogue. He wonders at his wakefulness. "Some strange sound, some unusual omen of the night, must have troubled his ears while he slept," he said. A cup of wine at the nearest cabaret—the idea is a good one. "Bah!" said he to himself, as he tugged at his long boots and looked to his pistols, which lay, ready for priming, upon the table by his ragged bed, "what have I to do with woman's tattle here? Guards in the Rue St. Saveur! What a day that would be! I should like to see it." He is thinking with contempt of the new Lieutenant of Police and the notion amuses him. "But of a sudden the laugh died down upon his lips, and he sat upon the bed like one petrified. He had become aware in that instant of the presence of another in the rooma gaunt figure dressed from head to foot in black, and masked so closely that even his eyes were not visible." It is the messenger of Corinne— commissioned to save the Little Red Man from capture by Sartines' men, who even now draw near the house. Cog le Roi being assured that the intruder is human, reaches for his pistol. "But in the same moment the man in the mask gave a sharp lunge with his foot, and so cleverly was it done that the pistol went flying up to the roof and there exploded with a crash like that of a cannon.

"Imbecile! Would you fire on one who comes to save your neck?"

"Well," asks Coq, "and what next?" The man rose and opened the window.

"There is no time for words; let your ears tell

you the tale."
The loud rattle of musketry, the clash of swords and the tramp of many feet, rose to their ears. And, clear above all, came the cry, "The guards, the guards."

The Lieutenant of Police is seeking Coq le Roi. "Look you, my friend," says the valiant rogue, yet unterrified. "I am now going up stairs to get some fresh air upon the roof."

The stranger laughed aloud.

"You are going on the roof?" he exclaimed, ockingly. "Surely that is very thoughtless of mockingly.

"And why, monsieur?"
"You shall be the judge of that when I tell you that five of Sartines' men are there before you."

"I shall see for myself," and the distrusting highwayman leaves, only to return a moment later with a face white with fear. "Monsieur, you reckon well. There are exactly five of Sartines' men above us. How many there are in the street below I will not venture to hazard. If you come here to aid me this is the time to do your work; but if you are upon any other errand-then God help you, for I shall certainly blow out your brains."

"I do not keep my brains in the ceiling of your garret," laughed the stranger. "Upon my word, you are a very impertinent fellow. I am half of the mind to leave you to Sartines, who has sworn to dig up the stones of Paris, rather than lose the

pleasure of your company."
"He has sworn that?" muttered Coq le Roi,

trembling again.

"As I say. Did you not stop the coach of Mme. eoffrin but a week ago? Very well, Mme. Geoffrin but a week ago? Very well, Mme. Geoffrin complained to the King, and the King to Monsieur de Sartines. And now, you see, the dragoons are coming to beat in the door of your house. What a man the lieutenant is-to trap you here like a bear in a cage! For you are trapped. You street is as full of police as an orange of pips, and, hark, there are the troopers themselves.

The clamor without, commingled in which were the hoarse cries of men, the shrieks of women, the ringing of hoofs upon the flags, the loud notes of command, now rose up from the street below. Cog le Roi quaked in the knees, and the unknown seemed at last to take pity on the trembling robber.

He bids the hunted man, who is now as clay in his hands, to follow him, and together they proceed down the dark narrow stairs, lighting their way by a lantern. He could hear those without beat upon the door. At length he found himself out in the narrow, high-walled courtyard.

"Monsieur," he exclaimed, with humble civ-

ility, "there is no door here."

"You lie," said the stranger, curtly; "give me the lantern."

And as Coq le Roi watched him with amazement, he walked to the mouth of the old well, and attaching the lantern to a long thin rope, lowered it into the orifice. And then he points out for the frightened thief a little tunnel opening into the well on the right hand side, just above the water.

"Through that tunnel you shall pass to your friends," says the unknown. "After you, monsieur."

One minute to choose he gives the fearful Coq -the descent to the tunnel or Sartines. And as the noise of the sabres beating upon his door reach his ears he chooses-the tunnel. The unknown waits his turn, then follows the highwayman.

"Ventrebleu! Sartines!" says he to himself, "a merry night to you, and a merrier day to-mor-row. To be fooled by a woman at your time of

row. To be fooled by a woman at your time of life! Oh, you amuse us finely."
"Coq le Roi has escaped! Coq le Roi is free!
Long life to the Little Red Man!" The terrible cry of the gladdened mob spreads over Paris "A bas Sartines!"

And Corinne has much more fun in her humiliation of the lieutenant. But I cannot tell you all, my dear girl. She loves, too, in one of the tales, that we may be amused. Does she marry? What would you say?

I do not find so much satisfaction in reading a collection of stories such as this. I would prefer them interwoven and made into one grand romance. But we have to console us for its lack of continuity in other respects-we have the dear Queen Jester throughout. And, if one have an opportunity but for broken reading, such a diversion might be a convenience. They are well-told stories, retaining a certain "actuality," which serves to make them more attractive than the same incidents would be if detailed in a more extravagant manner. They possess a certain dash which is altogether fascinating.

Let me quote to you, before I close, what I judge a masterly bit of characterization by Edgar Saltus in his column, captioned "Our Note-Book," which he contributes regularly to Collier's Weekly.

"Baron Harden-Hickey, who killed himself ten days ago, was at odds with the epoch. In an age less complex he would have been a pirate, and a very good pirate, too; failing that, a cru-sader. . . . A dozen years ago he had the formidable reputation of being one of the wittiest men in Paris and the crack duelist of France. He had more enemies than he knew by sight. But their quality was superior. A stranger to them, he was a stranger to his friends, a stranger to himself, yet most conspicuously a stranger to his epoch. He was a survival, as lost on the boulevards as D'Artagnan would be. He had beliefs in an age which has dissipated them, and faiths in a land from which they have gone. Therewith he was antithesis personified. He edited a comic paper and wrote a book on metaphysics. He looked like a musketeer, acted like a debutante, talked like Aristophanes, and lived like That was a long time ago. Presently the a sage. Catholic turned Buddhist. At Andilly, where he had a species of chateau, he built a temple, decorated it with the lotus, installed the wheel of prayers, and entertained Colonel Olcott. After Buddha he took to Voltaire. Restless as a panther, haunted by the past, pursued by visions of Chambord, he needed a cause or a flag for which to fight. It was the inability to find either that changed the zealot into an infidel and which ultimately brought to him the dream of founding a monarchy for himself. 'There is nothing worth living for,' he once confided to the deponent, and, what is worse, nothing worth dying for ither.' . . . . . He never did an uneither.' When he died his triple blazon of gentleman, soldier, and poet was unsullied and intact."

Until my next, I am, dear Justina, yours ever,

Chris.



NATURAL ENOUGH.

Willie—His voice has excellent timbre in it. Penelope—It ought to. He has a wooden head.

## THE COMING OF SPRING.

The other day
Spring passed this way
With laughing lips and eyes:
She scattered flowers
For hours and hours
And painted blue the skies.

With brush unseen
She painted green
The meadow and the hill.
In each bird's throat
She put a note—
A love exultant thrill.

She painted red
Maid's cheeks, 'tis said,
Set their young blood a-jumping;
And as for me,
Just look and see,
And hear my heart a-thumping.

# TAKE CARE.

The breath of spring is in the air,
For fair,
And with a tremulous song it brings
The fluttering of a myriad wings:
The microbes of a host of things—
Beware!

Don't shed your woolen clothing yet,
But let
Your cuticle serenely itch;
'Tis better than! mbago's stitch,
A sure preventative of which
Is sweat.

Go put the quinine capsule down,
Nor frown.

For there is solace in the thought
That, after all, the spring has brought
The julep made of mint that's wrought
In town.

### WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Askin—Why is it you hear so much more about Henrik Ibsen than you do about Bjornstjerne Bjornson?

Tellum—Very few people dare to tackle the pronunciation of Bjornson's name.

### AT THE ART STORE.

Mrs. Hacede—That's an awful little picter to be marked five hundred dollars.

Hacede—That must be the price by the gross.

## THE CUT DIRECT.

Bobbie—Easter Sunday is to celebrate the Resurrection of the Lord, isn't it, mamma?

His Mother—Ordinarily, my son, but (with a savage glance at Bobbie's papa) this year it is to celebrate the resurrection of my last year's bonnet.

# A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

In the spring-time, in the spring, Then the flowers are blossoming; Then the mud is on the pave, And the porous plasters save Many a cougher from the grave, In the spring.

In the glorious summer-time, Then the year is at its prime; Then the watermelons ripe Give the populace the gripe— Mustard plasters are the type Of summer-time.

In the lazy, hazy fall, Then a pall is over all; Then we shiver and we squirm, Wrestling with malaria's germ— Quinine capsules have their term In the fall

In the cheerful winter-time, Then the world is clothed in rime; Then the wind with whiskers plays, And the grippe is all the craze— Chest protectors metaphrase Winter-time.

### THOUGHT HE WANTED THE EARTH.

Injun Joe—What did that Eastern chap do that made ye fire him out uv the hotel?

Arizona Landlord—W'y, the blamed galloot wanted a hull bed ter himself—reckon he'd 'a' bin wantin' a hull durned room next.

### SPECIFIC.

McMurtha—Poor Phelan hod th' measles twice, un' died av thim.

Mulroon-Th' fur-r-st or secon' toime?

## EFFICACIOUS.

"But, doctor, I simply can't get my wife to take exercise."

"Tell her to go shopping."



WHERE THERE IS BUT AN OCCASIONAL HARVEST.

Mercy—I wonder why they always send a young man West when he has been sowing wild oats?

Percy—Probably in hope that a cyclone or something will happen along and destroy the crop.



WHERE THEORY AND FACT AGREE.

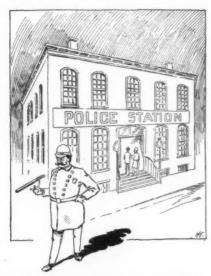
Old Bach—It's the little things of life that cause the greatest inconvenience and trouble.

Newpop-reminiscently-That's so.

## A HINT.

He—I wonder why boarding-houses are such terrible institutions?

She—Merely to show men that they ought to have homes of their own.



AN UNPOPULAR NEW YORK CLUB HOUSE.

### TWENTIETH CENTURY ELOPMENT.

Ailene (locked in her room in the twenty-eighth story of a New York flat. Time, 3.00 a. m.)—Oh, Reginald! Is that you?

Reginald (in air-ship outside)—Yes, dear.

Quick! Fly with me!

Ailene—Whither, my love?
Reginald—Over to Chicago. We will have the knot tied and return before the folks are awake.

### A JACHTING.

Chapleigh—I've gacht a yacht. Chumpleigh—Wacht! Gacht a yacht! Great Scacht!

## SO DIFFERENT.

Mrs. Downe—Is your husband a bull or a bear?

Mrs. Uppe—He's a bull on change but he's a bear at home.

### PAVING THE WAY.

Mrs. Newwed—Will you promise to come straight home from the club, John?

Newwed-My dear, never ask the impossible.

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VINCENT LUNDBERG,

Physician in Chief to the

King of Sweden.

4

If your druggistcannot supply, send us \$1.00 and a bottle will be sent.

Carriage paid.



A FINE HAIR DRESSING

### NOT THE COON-KIND.

Clip—Why on earth are you wearing that court-plaster face—been taking in a coon cake-walk?

Slip-No; safety-razor.

## A WESTERN EPISODE.

Stranger—There isn't a chap known as Rustler Reube hanging around here, is there?

Native-No; he was cut down this morning.

### ON THE LIMITED.

Tourist—Are you sure this is Philadel-

Native—Oh, yes; there's a newsboy calling "all about the Battle of Bull Run."

### A CASE OF VICE VERSA.

The Village Doctor—Back from New York, eh? I suppose you took in the town. Hezekiah (sadly)—Nope, 'twar t'other way round.



THEN IT'S NUMBER TWO.

Oldbach—A person should look out for number one.

Mrs. Divorsay-Unless she's a widow.



THE LIMIT OF HIS RESTRICTION.

Mrs. Reuben—Chop some wood and I'll give you your dinner.

Work-nit—Tanks, loidy, but me doctors posertifly forbid me ter work between meals.



# THE HEALTH

determines its abundance and its beauty. How to treat the hair, to preserve its health, so that it does not fade or fall, and how to restore hair when bald, is told fully in a pamphlet which is sent free on request.

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